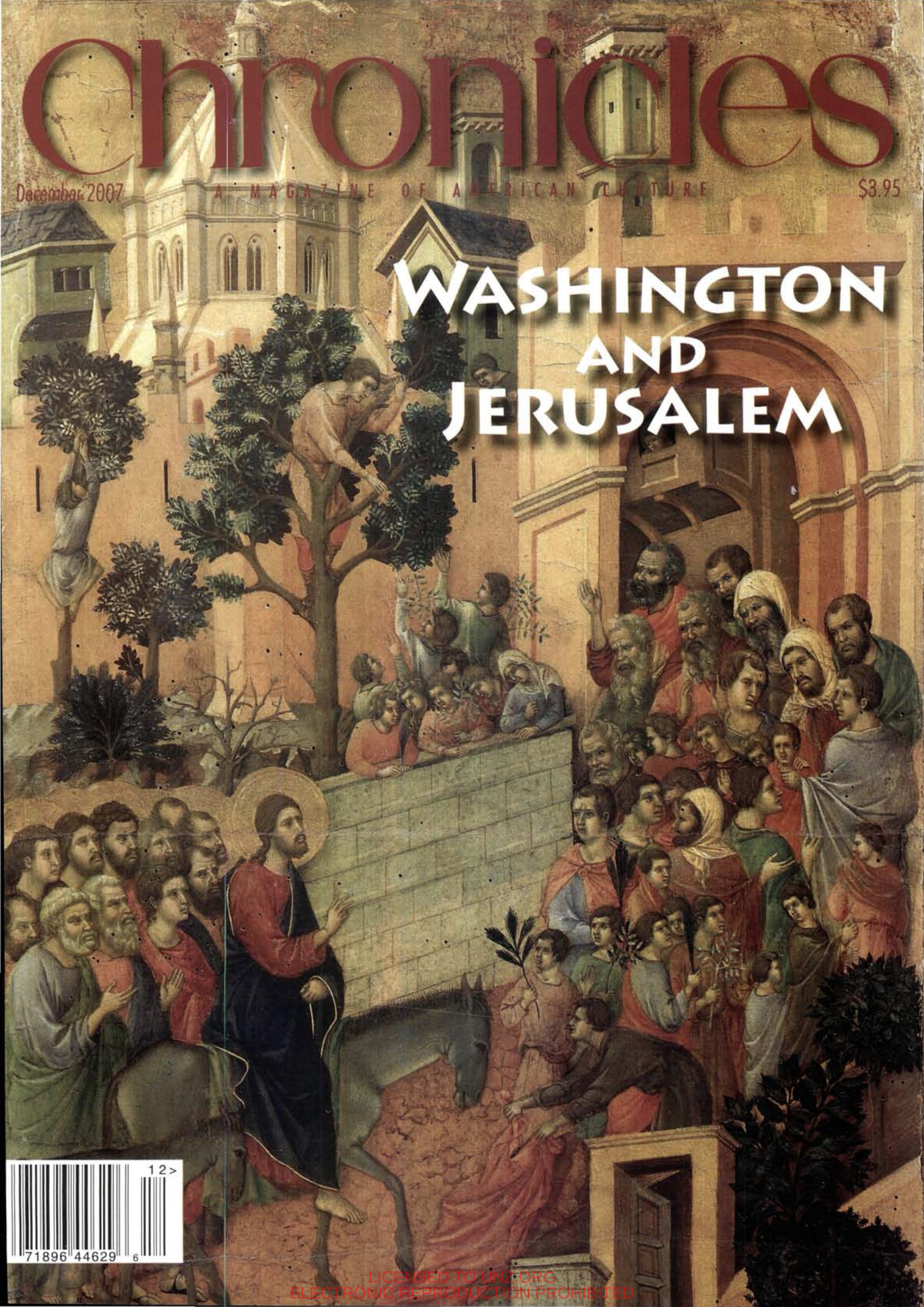
Chronicles
December 2007 A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE $3.95

# Washington and Jerusalem



12>
71896 44629 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rockford Institute's Third Winter School • January 2-9, 2008

# "The Rise of Rome"

## Faculty

*Chronicles* editors **Thomas Fleming** and **Scott P. Riche**
Rockford Institute vice president **Christopher Check**,
**Gail Fleming**, and special guest **Dr. James Patrick**,
chancellor of the College of Saint Thomas More

Drawing on readings from Livy, Plautus, Terence, Cato, and Plutarch, students will discover why the Founding Fathers of the American Republic chose the Roman Republic as their model. Lectures will include discussions of Rome's influence on the Anglo-American republican tradition; classical architecture and its legacy; the army that stopped Hannibal; the Roman family; and Cato the Elder and the crisis of the Roman Republic.

Daily guided walks will introduce students to the Eternal City's great churches, museums, and archeological sites. Special events include an excursion to Ostia Antica and a lunch at Cipriani.

Ample free time for private sightseeing and shopping!

**Seven nights' lodging † Breakfast & dinner † Lectures † Discussions † Walking tours † Museum and archeological sites † Scholarships available for full-time students**

**Double-occupancy, shared-bath lodging at the Centre Diffusione Spiritualità, a charming and well-kept convent located on a quiet street in Trastevere, convenient to both the Vatican and Rome's Centro Storico**

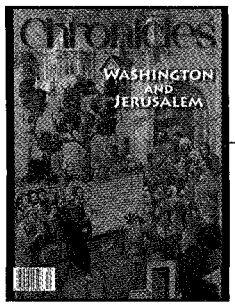
**Price: $1,395.00 (per person, double occupancy)**

**A limited number of single rooms are available. Call for rates. Registration fees are based on current exchange rates; the Institute reserves the right to assess a fee, should rates change significantly at the dollar's expense.**

**For more information or to register, contact Christopher Check, executive vice president, at (815) 964-5811 or visit *www.RockfordInstitute.org/events***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE




## PERSPECTIVE

**Freedom of Conscience** 10
by Thomas Fleming

Politics and ancient traditions.

## VIEWS

**With Malice Toward Many** 14
by Tom Landess
Washington, Lincoln, and God.

**The Conversion of a Culture** 17
by Harold O.J. Brown
Crisis and revolution.

**Dobson's Choice** 20
by Aaron D. Wolf
Politics and the spirit of martyrdom.

**Throne and Altar** 22
by Hugh Barbour, O.Praem.
Imposing our religion.

## NEWS

**Clueless in the Congress** 25
by Beverly K. Eakman
The reauthorization of a reckless bill.

## REVIEWS

**Epicene Europa** 28
by Derek Turner

Walter Laqueur: *The Last Days of Europe*

**Roger D. McGrath** on John Ferling's 31
*Almost a Miracle: The American Victory in the War of Independence* ◆ **Clyde Wilson** on Kevin R.C. Gutzman's *The Politically Incorrect Guide to the Constitution* and Marshall L. DeRosa's *Redeeming American Democracy: Lessons From the Confederate Constitution* ◆ **Herbert Arthur Scott Trask** on Chalmers Johnson's *Nemesis: The Last Days of the American Republic*

## CORRESPONDENCE

**Letter From Burma: The Lady Vanishes** 38
by Jeffrey Meyers

## VITAL SIGNS

POLITICAL THEORY: **Abortion: No Libertarian Triumph** 43
by Doug Bandow

THE ARTS: **Like Talking to a Wall: Some Further Thoughts on Photography** by Andrei Navrozov 44

## COLUMNS

SINS OF OMISSION 13
by Roger D. McGrath

THE ROCKFORD FILES 36
by Scott P. Richert

EUROPEAN DIARY 40
by Andrei Navrozov

THE AMERICAN INTEREST 41
by Srdja Trifkovic

IN THE DARK 46
*In the Valley of Elah*, *Michael Clayton*
by George McCartney

THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN 48
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

## DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

AMERICAN PROSCENIUM 6

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 7

POETRY
*Song of an Old Rake* and 12
*Song of the Shovel* by Ruth Moose

## ON THE COVER

Cover courtesy of Scala / Art Resource, NY.
Inside illustrations by Melanie Anderson.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR
*Thomas Fleming*

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
*Scott P. Richert*

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
*Chilton Williamson, Jr.*

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
*Aaron D. Wolf*

DESIGNER
*Melanie Anderson*

INTERIOR ARTIST
*George McCartney, Jr.*

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
*Katherine Dalton, George Garrett, Tom Landess, Joseph Sobran, James O. Tate, Clyde Wilson*

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
*Wayne Allensworth, Donald Livingston, Roger D. McGrath, William Mills, William Murchison, Claude Polin*

EUROPEAN EDITOR
*Andrei Navrozov*

FILM EDITOR
*George McCartney*

FOREIGN-AFFAIRS EDITOR
*Srdja Trifkovic*

LEGAL-AFFAIRS EDITOR
*Stephen B. Presser*

POETRY EDITOR
*Catharine Savage Brosman*

CIRCULATION MANAGER
*Cindy Link*

PUBLISHER
*The Rockford Institute*

A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
928 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Website: *www.chroniclesmagazine.org*
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5813.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.

Copyright © 2007 by The Rockford Institute.
All rights reserved.

*Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture* (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $39.99 (foreign subscriptions add $12 for surface delivery, $48 for Air Mail) per year by The Rockford Institute, 928 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Preferred periodical postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Chronicles, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Vol. 31, No. 12 December 2007
Printed in the United States of America
Chronicles



## On Reverence and the Mass

Mark Shea's "Some Thoughts on *Motu Proprio* Mania" (*Vital Signs*, October) misses the point. The Holy Father did not issue this as a counterfoil to the abuses of the Novus Ordo Mass. He issued this decree because he wished to restore that which was summarily taken away: the unbroken tradition (up to Vatican II) of the immemorial Mass—a Mass which traces its roots back to the earliest centuries of the Church and whose organic development, divinely inspired, was codified over 1,600 years ago.

Mr. Shea makes it seem as though it is a matter of tweedledum or tweedledee, as long as the Mass is "devoutly" offered. He could not be more wrong. The Mass is an outward manifestation of the Faith of the Church, and, as such, should be the most sublime liturgy possible. The prayers at the foot of the altar (eliminated in the Novus Ordo), the complete Offertory (also eliminated), the *Confiteor* (truncated in the New Mass), and, most of all, the Canon of the Mass are clear expressions of the penitential and sacrificial nature of the Mass. Everyone who attends a Traditional Mass has no doubt that he is witnessing an unbloody sacrifice, and that he is being turned humbly and reverentially toward God on the altar. There is just as much participation on the part of the laity who follow silently along with the priest, and this sort of participation reflects the Church's opposition to the danger of immanentism, which says that God is within you, so, therefore, your liturgy should be about you. God is also an objective Being, He is in the tabernacle, and Catholics have always reflected this truth by the holy silence, the genuflecting, the facing toward the tabernacle, the incense, the music, and the vestments of the priest.

When Cardinal Bugnini and his Protestant cohorts concocted the Novus Ordo, he was absolutely jubilant at its implementation. Had it not been for Cardinal Ottaviani, Cardinal Castro de Meyer, and a few others, the Roman Canon would not even have been included among the four choices offered. As Pope Paul VI lamented, "The smoke of Satan has entered the Church." At length, Cardinal Bugnini was "rewarded" for his treachery by being removed from the Vatican Curia and sent to Iran!

Our present Holy Father, Pope Benedict XVI, has now affirmed for all the world the right of any priest to offer the immemorial Rite of Mass without persecution, or hindrance, even by bishops. That is why Catholics rejoice, Mr. Shea. Those of us who have suffered, whose families have suffered as a result of the chaos within the Church, and whose children have been subjected to the false theology stemming from Vatican II and its phony liturgy (*lex orandi, lex credendi*) are prayerfully hopeful that, in the future, the Mass in its entirety and in all its beauty will be completely restored. And it is not only lay people but priests who have suffered. We all know of cases in which priests who wanted to say the Mass were vilified, persecuted, shunned, and even removed from parishes or teaching positions. If the New Mass is so good, why this irrational hatred of the Tridentine Mass?

Are there Traditional Catholics who strain at gnats and swallow camels? Yes! I wonder if this stems from the fact that many families have had to homeschool their children, making themselves the final arbiter of all things orthodox and, ultimately, becoming little popes and theologians; not having a tradition of respect for priests, they are rude and judgmental at times. This does not apply to all Traditionalists, but there are significant numbers who go to extremes. There are others who, after reading extremist authors, become tainted with a bit of Jansenism—everything is a sin, the candle must be in this exact place, and, if you have a glass of wine, you are surely going to Hell!

If you are happy in your "reverent" Novus Ordo, then so be it; but don't minimize or trivialize the importance of the decree of our present Pope and what it will mean for the good of the Catholic Church.

*—Peg Fallon*
*Rockford, IL*

## Mr. Shea Replies:

The quotation marks around the word "reverent" in that last paragraph unintentionally make exactly the point that I was trying to make. The tendency of devotees of the Tridentine Rite to suggest or say that those attending the Paul VI Rite



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are second-class Catholics is, combined with their strange refusal to take yes for an answer, unlikely to win more hearts and minds for the cause of Traditionalist expressions of the Faith. I think that's sad since, as Mrs. Fallon points out, the riches of the Faith are a glory to be celebrated. I hope devotees of the Tridentine Rite can finally find some peace with the promulgation of the *motu proprio*. At the same time, I shall continue to operate on the basic principle "If it's good enough for the Church, it's good enough for me" and joyfully attend the Paul VI Rite at my solidly orthodox Dominican parish. I wish Mrs. Fallon well and hope she likewise meets our Lord in joy and gratitude in the Sacrifice of the Mass at her parish.

## On Faith's Darkness

As much as I appreciated Tom Piatak's upbraiding of the pathetic Christopher Hitchens ("Hitchens' Hubris," *Opinion*, October), I take issue with his statement, "Jesus believed He was the Son of God . . . " Such a statement is ambiguous and does a disservice to Christ and to Christianity.

The Catholic Church teaches that, by and through the hypostatic union, Christ's soul possessed immediate knowledge of God from the very moment of His conception; and that, from this, He could not possess the theological virtues of faith and hope. In his book *Fundamentals of Catholic Dogma*, Dr. Ludwig Ott explains, "Christ as the Originator and Completer of Faith (Hebr. 12, 2), could not Himself walk in the darkness of faith. The perfection of the self-consciousness of the man Jesus can be explained only on the understanding that He possessed immediate knowledge of the Godhead with which He was united." In other words, our Lord Jesus Christ *knew* He was the Son of God.

*—Jerry C. Meng*
*Imlay City, MI*

### Mr. Piatak Replies:

I am grateful to Mr. Meng for his lesson in abstruse theology. But the portion of my review that he objects to must not be quite the "disservice to Christ and Christianity" that he now claims it is, or else he would have pointed that "disservice" out in one of the four comments he posted on the earlier version of the review that appeared on *Taki's Top Drawer*. And I think he misses the larger point. Christopher Hitchens and the other "new atheists" are engaged in a ferocious assault on the heart of our civilization, and this assault is generally being applauded by the establishment left and justified by the establishment right. Unfortunately, as Steve Sailer noted, my review was "one of the few impolite reviews Hitchens . . . received." Indeed, Hitchens' book was a best-seller, and it has been nominated for a National Book Award.

This prevailing response to the "new atheists" is distressing, because the West would not exist without Christianity and will not survive without it. In the face of the hateful assault by the "new atheists," Christians and others who appreciate the legacy of Christianity in the West should not be obsessed over the finer points of theology or consumed in doctrinal disputes with one another. We should instead focus on defending the Christian heritage of the West from an enemy who hates all of us who treasure that heritage, whether Catholic, Protestant, Orthodox, or Christophilic nonbeliever. As Ben Franklin observed in the face of a different threat, if we do not hang together, we will assuredly hang separately.


CLASSICAL CHRISTIAN HEADMASTER

A very small but well-established private school in the upper South is seeking a hard-working and ambitious teacher to help the founder and the editor of *Chronicles* to build a first-rate classical academy.

**Please send letter, curriculum vitae, and salary requirements to:**
Headmaster · The Rockford Institute · 928 N. Main · Rockford, Illinois, 61103
or e-mail them to *Headmaster@RockfordInstitute.org*




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*by Mark Shea*

# Big Brother *Versus Jihad*

The very idea of a War on Terror is preposterous. (Everyone remembers the War on Aviation after Pearl Harbor, right?) It is so preposterous that our elites have had a difficult time figuring out how to name the enemy, which is illustrated perfectly by the pathologically p.c. final line of a short article from the *New York Post* on September 19, 2007, about a teen who put fliers in his teachers' mailboxes asking them to convert to Islam, and then made threats when he was caught: "The student's religion was not immediately known."

Uh huh.

This gutless tendency to bow before his own relativist dictates leads many a watery secularist to submit every time Islam demands submission. Indeed, some watery secularists are so ready to submit that they do so even when nobody tells them to. For example, a Chicago school district recently panicked when one Muslim parent asked for a couple of Ramadan decorations in addition to Christmas decor. The district issued a draconian decree banning all references to Christmas and Halloween. The poor Muslim parent was aghast, intending no such "make a desert and call it peace" response from the district. Eventually, a bunch of other Muslims and Christians in the school district calmed the nerves of the jittery school officials and got them to restore their traditional holiday observances, with a couple Ramadan references tossed in.

So spineless is much of our culture in the face of *jihad* that it is easy to imagine this as the only response we can muster. As a recent story in the September 19, 2007, *Washington Post* makes clear, however, secularism can take other, more disturbing, forms. Here's the scoop in a piece with the rather creepy title "U.S. Working to Reshape Iraqi Detainees":

> The U.S. military has introduced "religious enlightenment" and other education programs for Iraqi detainees, some of whom are as young as 11, Marine Maj. Gen. Douglas M. Stone, the commander of U.S. detention facilities in Iraq, said yesterday.
>
> Stone said such efforts, aimed mainly at Iraqis who have been held for more than a year, are intended to "bend them back to our will" and are part of waging war in what he called "the battlefield of the mind." Most of the younger detainees are held in a facility that the military calls the "House of Wisdom."

I remember when conservatives had a field day with the Clintonian attempts to transform the military into an extension of the Nanny State and an intercontinental Meals on Wheels program. Back then, conservatives rightly understood that social engineering is not the military's job.

Now we live in the Age of Dubyacanism, when the military is tasked by the administration with the job of detaining 25,000 people (including hundreds of kids down to the age of 11) on who knows what charges for who knows how long in a positively Orwellian-sounding "House of Wisdom" devoted to—and I can hardly believe I am writing this—acting as the Magisterium for Islam. Their mission: Bend detainees to our will until some faceless technician decides their religious beliefs are up to the high standards of the culture that gave us Madonna, the Folsom Street Leather and Bondage Fair, and *Roe* v. *Wade*. At no point in the entire article are we given a clue how these 25,000 people, including kids, wound up in Islamic reeducation camps for an indefinite period. At no point do we hear how the House of Wisdom is viewed by the population of the country whose family members are detained there. We are simply to trust that they belong there and that Caesar knows what he's doing. Indeed, according to General Stone, the head of this allegedly sovereign state wishes that everybody in the whole country could reap the benefits of an American theological reeducation camp:

> He quoted Iraqi Vice President Tariq al-Hashimi as saying that "America could win the war if they just applied the exact process that you're putting in detention to the rest of the entire nation," in Stone's words.

What could be creepy about that? What Christian in this country would not gladly submit to having his kids put in a reeducation camp if the police thought their views to be out of sync with state guidelines? And what is the military for, if not policing theology?

Now, terrorists must be defeated in the war of hearts and minds as well as on the battlefield and by our law-enforcement experts. But the article gives us no clue where these 25,000 people come from. Who did the arresting? Why? Nobody knows. Nor does the language used in the article provide assurance that these people are POWs: "Stone said that youths grow up to become insurgents by starting out as messengers, guards and even planters of makeshift bombs."

These kids are there not because of what they have done, but because of what they might do.

The Bush administration's newly minted Department of Pre-Crime assures us of Peace and Safety:

> Stone said he wants to identify "irreconcilables"—those detainees whose views cannot be moderated—and "put them away" in permanent detention facilities. Psychiatrists, psychologists, counselors and interrogators help distinguish the extremists from others, he said.

And we can always be sure that, when Caesar declares you an "irreconcilable," he knows what he is talking about, because he says he does. This saves a great deal of time and energy, because you don't even have to have fired a shot when they lock you up and throw away the key. You can be as young as 11 and be "detained"—maybe forever—on the word of a psych evaluator and without all that costly fuss of a trial or even a hostile act.

I miss wars when the military was tasked with either killing or capturing the enemy. The attempt to turn the military into a weird combination of Islamic Magisterium and Reeducation Camp is pernicious and dangerous.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## THE DEATH OF A GENOCIDE

A congressional resolution recognizing as "genocide" the killing of up to 1.5 million Armenians by Ottoman Turks in 1915 collapsed on October 25, when its sponsors—led by Rep. Adam Schiff (D-CA)—asked House Speaker Nancy Pelosi to set the matter aside until "the timing is more favorable." The nonbinding resolution passed the Foreign Affairs Committee two weeks earlier, but the Bush administration and the government of Turkey successfully combined lobbying efforts to make its passage in the full House unlikely. Schiff promised to bring it up at a later date, once the resolution's supporters are "absolutely confident" they have the votes. This means that the issue is off the table indefinitely.

The losers in the affair are congressional Democrats. Initially, 225 supported the bill, but many started having second thoughts when General Petraeus, among others, warned of the adverse effect of its passage on our relations with Turkey at a critical time for U.S. troops in Iraq. Pelosi's early support of the resolution, her subsequent wavering, and her final *volte face* are seen on both sides of the aisle as the major gaffe of her tenure (thus far).

House Minority Leader John Boehner (R-OH) was quick to assert that the affair reflected flawed judgment on the part of Democratic leaders and undermined U.S. national security. "Given Turkey's importance in the war on terror," Boehner said, "attempting to force a vote on this resolution in the first place was just plain reckless." Some Democrats—notably, influential Pennsylvania Rep. John Murtha, Pelosi's close ally—privately agree that this was a potentially costly mistake; Murtha had been warning her about the bill since last February.

The Turks played their hand impeccably. Their furious rejection of the "genocide" designation provided Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan with an issue around which he could rally the nation as a whole, including pro-Westerners, secularists, and army leaders who are otherwise uneasy about the government's Islamic agenda. But while the Turks routinely deny the magnitude and gravity of Ottoman crimes against Armenians and other Christians in their domestic discourse, the focus of their counteroffensive in Washington was on the consequences of alienating "a key U.S. ally." Their lobbyists stressed the importance of U.S. access to military facilities in eastern Turkey, such as the Incirlik Air Force base near the Syrian border, which are vital to supplying 160,000 American troops in Iraq. Defense Secretary Robert Gates echoed this by warning that U.S. access to Turkish airfields and roads "would very much be put at risk."

By refusing to be drawn into the debate over what actually happened to the Armenians and framing the issue in terms of "supporting the troops," the Turks made the espousal of their position by prominent Americans legitimate—even respectable—which it would not have been had they tried to argue the gory details of late-Ottoman history. This became obvious on September 25, when eight former secretaries of state wrote to Pelosi asking her to kill the resolution, which "could endanger our national security interests in the region." President Bush warned that its passage "would do great harm to our relations with a key ally."

The administration's opposition to the resolution received an unexpected boost when Kurdish rebels based in northern Iraq crossed the border and killed 13 Turkish soldiers on October 7. The raid enraged Turkish public opinion and enabled Erdogan's government to seek, and obtain, parliamentary authorization for retaliatory raids inside Iraq. That vote, which proved useful as a tool of Ankara's pressure on Washington, has additional domestic consequences. It strengthens Erdogan's position *vis-à-vis* the military by reducing the generals' autonomy of action and asserting the primacy of Turkey's parliament, in which the Islamists have a majority. This may have a significant long-term effect on the army's ability to curtail Erdogan's systematic shift away from the Kemalist legacy of secularism.

On October 11, Turkey upped the ante by recalling her ambassador from Washington. Turkey's top military leader, Gen. Yasar Buyukanit, warned that, if the House passed the resolution, "our military relations with the United States can never be the same." The Bush administration, desperate to prevent an escalation that would make the Iraqi quagmire even more intractable, used the threat of Turkish retaliation as a key additional argument for appeasing Ankara. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that the consequences of the genocide resolution on the war in Iraq would be "quite dire." On October 11, several House members withdrew their support, leaving the resolution short of a majority. A few days later, three more early sponsors joined them, sealing its fate.

The moral of this story is not that foreign interventions make America vulnerable to blackmail and extortion by her uncertain "allies" in the Muslim world; we knew that already. It is, rather, that American legislators have no business adjudicating the historical rights and wrongs of faraway peoples of whom they know little. Their patent inability to rein in a President who persists on his road to nowhere in Iraq today makes their pretense to pass verdicts on the Asia Minor of yesterday ridiculous. Their stamp of approval on the phrase "Armenian genocide"—and what happened in 1915 *was* a genocide by any meaningful definition of that otherwise overused term—would not have carried any more weight than their failure to approve that designation for what happened to a similar number of Pontic Greeks during the same period, or to the Serbs in Nazi satellite Croatia in 1941-45, or to various minority communities all over the Muslim world over the past 14 centuries.

Our elected representatives should stick to raising money for their next election campaign and making sure that our great-grandchildren remain burdened with the fruits of their current labors.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

## BURMESE REVOLUTIONS?

On September 25, President George W. Bush spoke at the United Nations to condemn human-rights abuses by the government of Myanmar, siding with Burmese political dissidents. Throughout October, protests in Myanmar grew more aggressive, and the government backlash became more cruel. But why is President Bush endorsing regime change now?

Since 1988, Burma (Myanmar) has been ruled by a military junta that finances itself with opiate production. The U.S. government has been largely silent



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on this junta's excesses because American notables have been profiting from the drug trade. Furthermore, Burmese officials were cooperating with Chinese business interests. There is no need for regime change when the right people are making money.

Since the U.S. invasion of Afghanistan, Afghani opiate production has dwarfed that of Burma. Opium has become Afghanistan's chief export, and Afghanistan is controlled by American interests. China is a major refiner, distributor, and consumer of these Afghani opiates and is working with the United States to move the dope. Burma's ability to generate profit has collapsed, and the junta has been reduced to a liability—second-rate competition.

In his U.N. speech, President Bush implied that Burma needs a new government. He plans to tighten economic sanctions on Myanmar, citing that dictatorship's appalling human-rights record over the last 19 years (the last 7 of which he has been President). The Chinese are doing their part by eradicating the poppy fields, Myanmar's chief source of revenue. They are able to apply this pressure because they own a lot of northern Burma and have a track record of cooperating with the Burmese government.

Beijing's crackdown on Burmese dope hasn't cleaned up the streets of Chengdu, or Shanghai, or any other Chinese city. In fact, heroin use has spiked in cities and the countryside alike. So, with Burma being squeezed, where are the drugs coming from?

One Chinese company, China Railway Shisiju Group Corporation, is participating in the World Bank's "Emergency Transport Rehabilitation Project" for Afghanistan. Set up in 1947, Shisiju Group is controlled by the Beijing government; thanks to its top party connections, it has the privilege of being able to do business overseas and is a preferred contractor for Chinese transportation infrastructure.

In Afghanistan, Shisiju Group is helping to rebuild second and tertiary roads (agricultural access), bombed-out airstrips, and damaged highways. In a country where growing opium is the largest industry, tertiary roads are very important.

Air transport is the most reliable way to reach China from Afghanistan: Air freight is unloaded in the sparsely populated Uyghur region of Xinjiang, an autonomous region of the People's Republic of China, which has more airports than any other autonomous region or province in China (and has a Muslim minority). Truck freight travels through Pakistan first, then on to Xinjiang. (About 70 percent of Afghanistan's drugs are moved through Pakistan.) Naturally, Xinjiang is experiencing a spike in heroin traffic from Pakistan and Afghanistan.

There are four fast roads to Xinjiang: Three stretch across China, and one, the Karakoram highway, goes down to Pakistan. The current Pakistani prime minister, Shaukat Aziz, left Citibank in New York after it was revealed that his employer was laundering billions for Mexican drug lords. (Aziz still peddles World Bank loans on the side.)

Of the roads that lead deeper into China, two go westward through the north; one skirts along the southeast boarder; and they all end up in Chengdu. The major road from Burma to central China also goes to Chengdu. Chengdu is the natural meeting point for the great opium producers.

In addition to building airstrips and farm roads in Afghanistan, Shisiju Group has another World Bank contract to finish the highway from Chengdu to Xiamen (one of China's rich eastern cities). With that, a speedy heroin supply chain across China will be complete.

Chengdu has become a financial center for international banks, including Citigroup, BNP Paribas, and Standard Chartered, as well as Singaporean financial interests. Chengdu is the capital of Sichuan, one of the poorest Chinese provinces in terms of *per capita* income.

All of this leaves the Burmese government in a very precarious position. No longer a powerful supplier of heroin, Burma is half-colonized by China and has a soon-to-be starving populace. President Bush and his friends won't miss the chance to make political hay by undermining an unpopular and useless ally. In less than a year, Chinese liberators will find Than Shwe in a spider-hole.

*—Andrea Crandall*


## Announcing the 2008 Phillips Foundation Journalism Fellowship Program

***$75,000, $50,000, $25,000 Fellowships***

If you are a print or online journalist with less than five years of professional experience, a unique opportunity awaits: The Phillips Foundation's $75,000, $50,000 and $25,000 full- and part-time journalism fellowships.

The Phillips Foundation is dedicated to advancing the cause of objective journalism. The fellowship program seeks journalists who share the Foundation's mission to advance constitutional principles, a democratic society and a vibrant free enterprise system.

Winners undertake a one-year project of their choosing focusing on journalism supportive of American culture and a free society. In addition, there are separate fellowships on the environment, free enterprise in society, and law enforcement. Applications are now being accepted for 2008. Applications must be postmarked by March 1, 2008. The winners will be announced at an awards dinner in Washington in the spring. The fellowships will begin on September 1, 2008. Applicants must be U.S. citizens.

**For applications and more information, visit our website or write:**
Mr. John Farley
The Phillips Foundation
One Massachusetts Avenue NW, Suite 620 • Washington, DC 20001
Telephone 202-250-3887 ext. 609
Email: jfarley@thephillipsfoundation.org
www.thephillipsfoundation.org

**Deadline March 1, 2008**


## A CRACKDOWN ON CHRISTIANS

Nursultan Nazarbayev's regime in Kazakhstan, a recipient of U.S. foreign-aid funds, is cracking down on religious groups it disapproves of, as the congregations associated with Grace Presbyterian Church discovered firsthand this past August, when the KNB (the Kazakh successor to the Soviet-era KGB) raided churches in Karaganda and Oskemen. Since



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then, raids, detentions of church members, fines, property confiscations, and other forms of official harassment have mounted, particularly against Protestant congregations across the country, while Grace Senior Pastor Igor Kim, his sister, and the church administrator, as well as the pastor of a Grace-affiliated congregation, face unspecified charges of high treason and possible prison sentences of 10 to 15 years.

Kazakh President-for-life Nazarbayev rules a vast territory (the world's ninth-largest state) rich in oil, natural gas, and uranium. The Nazarbayev clan has ruled this former Soviet republic since the clan's patriarch, a former blast-furnace operator turned Communist Party functionary, took over in 1990, securing his post-Soviet power in a series of rigged elections. Nazarbayev is in a complex balancing act with Russia (ethnic Russians make up 30 percent of the country's population), China, and the United States. All of them want access to Kazakh resources, while Washington in particular hopes to involve the Nazarbayev regime in Washington's Bypass Russia Project, the Baku-Ceyhan Trans-Caucasus oil pipeline. Kazakhstan exports one million barrels of oil per day and plans to increase that output to three-and-a-half million by 2015, rivaling Iran in oil production. Thus, Central Asia is a strategically important crossroads in a new Great Game. With U.S. troops in Afghanistan and a base in Kyrgyzstan, Washington is looking to expand its presence in the region.

Kazakhstan has displayed tendencies common in the states of the former Soviet Union, forcing religious groups to register (and often refusing or revoking registration) with the state, while casting a suspicious eye on non-Orthodox Christians, especially evangelicals who are not part of the state-approved, politically reliable religious hierarchy. (The Grace Church ministry, for example, is 250 congregations strong, with reportedly 13,000 members in a country with a population of 15 million.) The regime expects religious affiliation to follow nationality, with Russians being nominally Orthodox and Kazakhs and other Central Asian nationalities part of the officially controlled Muslim body, an important part of the regime's plan to maintain its hold on the country. At the same time, the state is wary of Islam breaking free of official channels and becoming a threat to the Nazarbayev regime. So the crackdown on evangelical Christians—with particular emphasis on the harassment of converts from segments of the population that are traditionally Muslim—could also be part of an effort to appease Muslims.

The Bush administration has turned a blind eye to the repression of non-Orthodox Christians in Kazakhstan. Just last year, when Nazarbayev visited Washington at the White House's invitation (a privilege that was, at the time, denied Chinese leaders on "human rights" grounds), President Bush proclaimed him the ruler of a "free nation." Nazarbayev continued his U.S. tour by visiting his friend George H.W. Bush in Maine. Vice President Cheney had issued the invitation during a trip to Kazakhstan, in which he praised Nazarbayev's record on democracy. Cheney, whose attacks on Russia for being insufficiently democratic are well known, told reporters, "I think the [Kazakh] record speaks for itself."

Indeed, it does. Ominously for Kazakhstan's evangelicals, the KNB has leaked claims that "psychotropic drugs" were found during a search at Grace Church, a move that smacks of Soviet-era KGB smear tactics. All of those who are not affiliated with the official church are feeling the heat and being treated as enemies of the regime, despite the fact that they have not been especially active in politics. They have cause to worry: Two prominent leaders of the political opposition were found gunned down in 2005. The death of one of those critics, Zamanbek Nukadilov, was ruled a suicide, even though he had been shot three times—twice in the chest, and once in the head. These are not the only Nazarbayev opponents who have turned up dead in recent years.

Kazakhstan is a sovereign state and can regulate her internal affairs as she wishes. But Americans, particularly those evangelical Christians who have fervently backed the Bush administration, should take note of the White House's record when it comes to defending Christians in lands it has chosen to invade or otherwise become entangled with. *Chronicles* readers are well aware of the White House's indifference to the fate of Iraq's Christians. One of the world's oldest Christian communities is being destroyed, while the Bush administration collectively yawns, focusing on its apparent schemes to make war on Iran. In Central Asia, pipeline politics trump any sympathies the Bushies can muster for the likes of Pastor Kim and his flock, as well as the fates of thousands of other Christians who are being arrested, harassed, and dispossessed.

—*Wayne Allensworth*

## OBITER DICTA

**Christopher Check**, vice president of The Rockford Institute, will deliver his address "Lepanto: The Battle and the Poem" at the Saint John the Beloved Parish in McLean, Virginia, on Sunday, December 9, at 7:30 P.M. Of the presentation, Joseph Pearce declared: "The combination of scholarship and rambunctiousness with which Check tells the story of Don John's victory over Christendom's ancient foe reminded me of Belloc and Chesterton combined." The event is open to the public. For details, call Mr. Check at (815) 964-5811.

Our poet this month is **Ruth Moose**. Mrs. Moose has published four collections of poetry and two collections of short stories. Individual works have appeared in the *Atlantic*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Yankee*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and other places. She is a member of the creative faculty at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and lives in Pittsboro with her artist husband, a cat, and a dog.

Our interior art is provided by our designer, **Melanie Anderson**. Mrs. Anderson received her B.F.A. from Northern Illinois University.

Our cover art is from Sienese artist **Duccio di Buoninsegna**'s *Entry Into Jerusalem*, a panel from the back of the Maesta altarpiece. The original is housed at the Museo dell'Opera Metropolitana in Siena, Italy. (Photo credit: Scala / Art Resource, NY.)

The Old Republic
by Clyde Wilson
www.ChroniclesMagazine.org



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*by Thomas Fleming*

# Freedom of Conscience

The Illinois legislature recently overrode Gov. Rod Blagojevich's veto of what the newspapers are describing as mandatory-school-prayer legislation. Predictably, the state's editorial pages are filled with denunciations of this arbitrary attempt to impose religion on the helpless children of Illinois, but in fact, the new law, requiring a minute of silence at the beginning of the public-school day, has nothing whatsoever to do with prayer. If public silence is a prayer, it can only be a prayer to the great nothingness that is at the center of the universe.

Although the law stipulates that "this period shall not be conducted as a religious exercise," it does concede that there will be "an opportunity for silent prayer or for silent reflection on the anticipated activities of the day." The anti-Christians at the *Chicago Sun-Times* have ferreted out the legislators' plot: It is an attempt to sneak religion in by the back door. In the future, presumably, "11:00, Plant Skills for Life; 12:00 Lunch" will constitute the time-management equivalent of the paternoster.

The editors of the *Sun-Times* published their editorial with a straight face, pretending to believe that the crooks, weasels, and ward heelers who sit in one of the most corrupt legislatures in the United States are sincere Christian men and women who want to restore religion to its proper place in our common life.

I have lived in Illinois for well over 20 years, and I have never failed to be astounded by the low civic, intellectual, and moral standards of our governors, senators, representatives, and state legislators. The typical governor has been as crooked as any politician in New Jersey, Nevada, or Louisiana, but their crimes are petty, in comparison with rival mob states, and they lack the panache of Earl Long or Edwin Edwards. On a recent trip to Louisiana, the lady who runs the tasting room of Feliciana Cellars winery in Jackson asked me where I came from. When I told her I live in Illinois, she told me of a friend of hers who had been forced to live up here for a few years. When he returned, she asked him how it was. His response: "Like Louisiana but without the food." In other words, Illinois is as corrupt as Louisiana but lacks the redeeming charm of Louisiana's cuisine, architecture, music, literature, and manners. Think of Chicago mayor Rich Daley, Sen. Dick Durbin, the convicted Republican governor George Ryan or the current Democratic incumbent, Rod Blagojevich, the only effeminate Serb I have ever seen. All of them are humorless and self-important political reptiles, whose only political principles are "look out for number one" and "don't get caught, but if you do make sure you have more than enough for the trial plus a long retirement."

These pious legislators are the same little busybodies who almost unanimously imposed an immoral and draconian no-smoking ordinance that, in effect, forbids me to have a cigar in my own home, so long as I use it, at any time, for business. Some years ago, they passed an absurd child-protection statute that puts "the best interests of the child" (as determined by social workers) above the rights of the family. They can and do receive fees from the utilities they are supposed to regulate, and their answer to the state's fiscal crisis caused by their mismanagement is *sell more lottery tickets and build more casinos*. But now we are to suppose that they are also God-fearing Christian men and women. If any of them feared God, they would abandon Springfield and flee the coming wrath.

The hardest truth for conservative Christians to grasp is that we live in an anti-Christian country whose political leaders play pretend, every four years when they want the support of Pat Robertson and James Dobson, and once elected, with the support of Robertson and Dobson, act with complete indifference toward their supposed faith.

Some few Christians are beginning to suspect that the leaders of the so-called Christian so-called Right are nothing more than Republican Party hacks, lobbyists for their own special interest—namely, themselves. This may explain the high-and-mighty denunciations of Rudy Giuliani we are hearing, as if Giuliani is less of a Christian than, say, the cultist Romney, the crackpot McCain, or the actor (the word translated as "hypocrite" in Jesus' denunciations of scribes, Pharisees, and actors) Thompson. This is a sucker's game. Of course, the Grand Old Party has always betrayed its Christian voters. That is their assigned part in the scheme of things. "If God did not want them sheared, He would not have made them sheep"—the memorable line William Roberts gave Eli Wallach in *The Magnificent Seven*.

I understand the outrage over Giuliani, but loyal Republicans should not betray the GOP at this late date, simply because an immoral nonbeliever is the front-runner. It would be a frivolous act of a political independence they would not know what to do with if someone handed it to them. Conservative evangelicals are no better than the faux-Catholics who, in defiance of two Popes, have followed George W. Bush on his road to perdition in the Middle East.

As good Americans, we all know that we are supposed to keep religion and politics separate. This was the message of Jack Kennedy, that model member of the American ruling class. In 1960, Kennedy reassured the Southern Baptists that he believed

> in an America that is officially neither Catholic, Protestant nor Jewish—where no public official either requests or accepts instructions on public policy from the Pope, the National Council of Churches or any other ecclesiastical source, where no religious body seeks to impose its will directly or indirectly upon the general populace or the public acts of its officials, and where religious lib-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erty is so indivisible that an act against one church is treated as an act against all.

What the future President did not tell the Baptists was that he had even less intention of paying attention to any Christian teachings on war and peace, truth and lies, fornication and adultery. I hardly think it is a secret that the only Christians who profess indifference to religious distinctions are post-Christians (like the Clintons and Bushes) who want to shed the last moral restraints imposed upon moral anarchy and their own sublime egotism. American political ecumenism was originally a Protestant thing, then a generically Christian thing, then a Judeo-Christian (a meaningless expression today) thing; now, it includes all religions. Where were the Christian Right's denunciations, when George W. Bush was proclaiming Islam a "religion of peace" and inviting fanatical imams to the White House? If they can stand him, they can and ought to stand Giuliani.

The fictitious separation of Church and state is an article of faith in leftist America. Some years ago, I used to do a hostile radio talk show, on which the host, a leftist journalist, pretended to hate me on air. In fact, he was quite amiable and one of the very few competent journalists I have met in Rockford.

When religious conservatives called up periodically to protest the ban on prayer in public schools or the removal of a crèche from some piece of government property, the host would respond by shouting insults at the callers—"bonehead" was the mildest expression I can recall. (Comparing his outbursts with my own bad temper, I am now inclined to think he suffers from high blood pressure.) The Constitution, he reminded his callers, had established a Wall of Separation between Church and state. Freedom of religion meant freedom to worship in private, but the free-thinkers who founded the republic did not want to impose religion on anyone. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion . . . Congress shall make no law!" he shouted until he got red in the face, adding, "What word don't you understand, bonehead?"

This is the familiar argument used by the ACLU and People for the American Way. On a national talk-radio program, I once debated a high official of PFAW, and he claimed that Thomas Jefferson argued that the Constitution was intended to keep religion out of public life. There is only one way to deal with these people, so I replied—with a little exaggeration—that I had read every word of Jefferson in print and he never said anything like that. I defied him to tell me in what speech or letter Mr. Jefferson made such a remark. Of course, he could not because, as I knew, he was lying. Liberals always lie about everything, which is why you probably should forget most or all of the history you learned in school.

Six months ago in *Chronicles*, I explained that Mr. Jefferson's "Wall of Separation" existed only in his own mind, and that mind, as irrelevant as it is to the Church and state debate, has been deliberately and thoroughly misrepresented by liberal jurists, professors, and journalists. Sadly, all too many Christian conservatives believe that Church and state ought to be kept separate and that the Constitution has in fact built a so-called Wall of Separation between them. The only real problem, they say, is that atheist judges and politicians keep leaping over the wall and stealing the Church's silver. Put another way, they want to argue, roughly, that the wall is not an impenetrable barrier, and just as civil laws against murder, theft, embezzlement, *etc.*, must be obeyed by people in churches, so there is nothing wrong in reading a prayer in school or posting the Ten Commandments on the courthouse wall.

This argument is false not only because it preserves the false and atheist theory of separation but because it assumes an entirely unworkable and unchristian view of the relationship between religion and the commonwealth.

In today's America, both prayer and the Ten Commandments can be outlawed from public places paid for by the predominantly Christian public, despite the fact that Congress has a chaplain who opens sessions with prayers.

The justification is a misinterpretation of the mischievous 14th Amendment that was never legally ratified and was never intended to apply to religion. I suppose no one will be shocked to discover that the Supreme Court has been lying to us for decades.

Although the federal government's War on Religion is unconstitutional, it has become the law of the land, and the result is that the almost 90 percent of the population that is Christian is blackmailed and abused by a tiny group of militant anti-Christians who just happen to control much of the government, most of the media, all the major universities, and the entire entertainment industry. Christians have become strangers in their own land, with fewer rights than an illegal alien fleeing the scene of a crime.

Freedom of expression implies freedom from religion for people such as Voltaire and Jefferson and leftists today—and by leftists I am including not just Marxist-feminists but also libertarians and neoconservatives. For political intellectuals—that is, for people who make their living sounding off on subjects they know nothing about—freedom of expression is an all-important civil right. But is it really? To take only the case of religion, how many of us really have opinions worth holding, much less expressing?

Most of us picked up our theology the way we picked up our musical tastes—from family and friends or from goofy high-school teachers with an ax to grind or from something Britney said. Although I have increasingly devoted my time to the study of the Scriptures, Church history, and theology, my opinion on the procession of the Holy Spirit is about as significant as my opinion on black holes. The day I decided to accept the ancient traditions of the Church was the day I was liberated from the need to form opinions on cold fusion, global warming, and the conflict in Darfur—three subjects about which I am happy to say I know as little as Socrates did or does. Skepticism is the only healthy alternative to Christianity, and it is only when we begin to treat our own opinions with the skepticism they deserve that we can begin to be healed of this terrible disease that is sometimes called opinionism, though most of the anti-opinionists I have read are really extreme opinionists. (Check out Msgr. Donald Sanborn at *traditionalmass.org*.)

There are a few modern theologians worthy of respect, but almost none of them has made much of a name for himself. Most celebrated theologians are either ignoramuses who prate about religion in the public square or would-be cult leaders, such as the increasingly bizarre dispensationalists. Almost nobody over the past 100 years has had an original idea in theology, and the Greeks had a name for the people who did: They are called heretics.

I do not say there are no true or false theological doctrines; I am quite convinced mine are true and most of yours—if you are foolish enough to disagree with me—are false. But noth-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing has been more fatal to the Christian faith than the addiction of ignorant and vain people (myself included) to theological speculation. It was said in fifth-century Constantinople that you could not get your hair cut without getting into an argument over whether Christ was *homoousios* with the Father or only *homoiousios*. During the English Civil War, cobblers and tinkers lectured learned men on the theory of justification, and Praisegod Barebones, a leather-seller turned religious crank, actually sat in the Parliament. What's next, a Mormon in the Senate? A dispensationalist in the White House?

This business of having religious opinions not only sets the stage for heresies, such as Praisegod Barebones' crack-brained ideas about Baptism and the Fifth Monarchy, but it encourages dissensions and animosities even among Christians of good will. I had dinner once in Tennessee with several hard-core Calvinists who, in the course of the evening, consigned not merely Catholics and Anglicans to Hell, but every Christian on the planet who did not subscribe to Calvin's simplistic theory of predestination, which is demanded neither by Scripture nor tradition. Unlike most Southern Calvinists of my acquaintance—tough men but gracious—these men were smug in their own sense of superiority over the rest of mankind. If they were willing to read the writings of a pope, I would recommend Gregory the Great's *Magna Moralia*, in which Saint Gregory says that the sign of moral improvement is a humble acknowledgment of the magnitude of one's own flaws compared with those of other people.

By now, you are probably suspecting that, if I could, I would restore the Inquisition—and you are right. I would, cheerfully, if only to shut up the blaspheming mouths of the fat, greedy, and gaudily dressed preachers who constantly blaspheme the Name of the Lord on TBN. But that is not, in fact, my point. What I want to suggest is that the whole idea of religious freedom should be viewed with suspicion. Christians have always wanted to impose their views on society: marital commitment, chastity, honest dealing in business—to name only three. Their opponents—atheists and libertines—are not honest enough, for the most part, to admit that they wish to destroy religion and prefer to couch their attacks in the language of objectivity, fairness, and freedom of conscience.

In adopting the language and strategy of their enemies, Christian conservatives find themselves defending Moonies, Mormons, and Muslims but incapable of exercising even the most basic right of men and women in any decent society: the right to rear their children as they see fit. Christians should recognize, as Christians in the first centuries of the Church recognized, that their rulers and government, whatever good they might be doing, are opposed to our religion, and they should never submit to the anti-Christian premise that the Church or churches should not take an active and public part in forming the conscience and manners of our people. To observe the results of that false premise, visit a public-school classroom or go to your room and turn on the TV. Where's Torquemada when you really need him? ◈

---

## Song of an Old Rake
*by Ruth Moose*

My reputation is always at stake
save when I serve as the scarecrow's
prop. A many-fingered grabber,
a puller, I am a gatherer who
finds it hard
to let go.

## Song of the Shovel
*by Ruth Moose*

First see me as a sad face
upside down. Then know that
I am the concrete workman's friend.
In a child's hand I lift sand
and my plastic offspring are toys.
I know the gardner's left hand,
right foot. I go where other words
can't and come back with a gift.
I loosen and carry. I upturn as
well as make smooth. I am
a mouthful of earth, rocks or roots.
I have a soft sound made
without a tongue and serve heroically
in fires and water, soot and flames.
I am older than tales.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*by Roger D. McGrath*

# The Fighting Irish

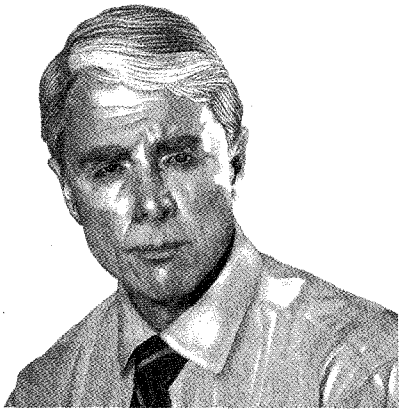
Before a new documentary series on World War II by Ken Burns even aired on PBS, there was controversy. Mexican-American organizations complained that there was no episode that focused solely on their people. Burns responded by adding a segment devoted to Mexican-Americans. Nonetheless, the same groups complained that the additional material was not enough. I could not help but think that Burns had not devoted an episode to Americans of Polish extraction, or Swedish, or Italian, or German, or Jewish, or any other specific ethnic group. Moreover, I saw Mexican-Americans claiming that they have been awarded more Medals of Honor than any other ethnic group—and reporters accepting the claims as gospel. I have refuted such claims on several occasions in the past, citing such sources as *Medal of Honor Recipients, 1863-1978*, prepared by the Senate's Committee on Veteran's Affairs. I have absolutely no quarrel with a people feeling pride in their own, especially Medal of Honor recipients, the bravest of the brave, but when claims become wildly exaggerated and accepted as fact by the media, something must be said.

Since the Medal of Honor was first awarded in 1863, there have been some 3,400 recipients. More than 500 of those have been Irish-Americans. Mexican-Americans account for 39 awards. Of the 728 recipients who were foreign-born, 257 were born in Ireland. This only tells part of the story, though. There were recipients born in England and in Canada who have distinctly Irish names. John Donnelly may have been born in England, and Michael McCarthy, in Canada, but I'll bet that Gaelic blood coursed through their veins. Germany has the second-highest total of recipients with 134, followed by England (79), Canada (51), and Scotland (37). Mexico has four.

Nineteen men have been awarded the MOH twice. Nine were Irish: John Cooper (born Mather), Henry Hogan, John King, and John Lafferty were Irish-born, and Dan Daly, John Joseph Kelly, John McCloy, Patrick Mullen, and Robert Sweeney had Irish-born parents. According to Marine Gen. Smedley Butler, the only other Marine to receive the MOH twice, Daly should have been awarded the MOH four times. Daly is most famous for leading the charge at Belleau Wood, yelling, "Come on, you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever?" With grenades and his Colt .45 sidearm, and in the face of withering fire, he single-handedly took out a squad of Germans at a machine-gun emplacement. Although his actions had rallied the Marines and turned the tide of battle, and he was recommended for the MOH, top brass simply thought that no one should have three Medals of Honor, and he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by the Army, the Navy Cross by the Marines, and the Croix de Guerre with Palm by the French.

During World War II, a dozen Mexican-Americans were awarded the MOH. At the same time, 58 Irish-Americans received our nation's highest decoration. Kellys alone accounted for five of the awards. Irish-American recipients included Audie Murphy, the most decorated American soldier of the war; Edward "Butch" O'Hare, the first American ace of the war; Francis Flaherty, the hero of the USS *Oklahoma* at Pearl Harbor; Charles "Commando" Kelly, famous for his seemingly impossible exploits at Salerno; David McCampbell, the Navy's leading ace; Gregory "Pappy" Boyington, the Marine's leading ace; Daniel J. Callaghan, the highest-ranking American naval officer to die in the war; Thomas McGuire, the Air Force's second-leading ace; and Richard O'Kane, the Navy's top submarine commander.

There was also Lt. Cmdr. Joseph Timothy O'Callahan. A professor of mathematics at Holy Cross College before joining the Navy in 1940, he found himself on the carrier *Franklin* late in the war. The ship was part of Task Force 58, which, during March 1945, was launching Hellcats and Corsairs in fighter sweeps of Kyushu and Honshu. The Japanese retaliated in kind, hitting the carriers *Enterprise*, *Intrepid*, *Wasp*, and *Yorktown* on March 18. The next day, it was *Franklin*'s turn. Two 500-pound Japanese bombs hit the carrier and exploded. Fuel, ammunition, and ordnance were ignited, and secondary explosions ripped the ship from stem to stern, killing hundreds of sailors and engulfing hundreds more in flames.



Below deck at the time and eating breakfast, O'Callahan donned a helmet and rushed above. He found the flight deck littered with bodies. Fires raged everywhere, and ammunition exploded. Through the holocaust, O'Callahan ran to the wounded, carrying some to safety and administering first aid to those who could not be moved. He manned a fire hose to spray ordnance that was about to explode on the flight deck. He carried hot bombs and ammunition from burning magazines, which threatened to explode at any second. His arms and hands were seared, but he went back, tempting death again and again. Wounded by exploding ammunition, he carried on, leading men trapped below deck to safety. He seemed to be everywhere. Watching the courageous lieutenant commander emerge through walls of flame and explosions with a wounded sailor or ammunition time and time again, the ship's captain exclaimed that he would put O'Callahan up for the Medal of Honor but doubted he would live to receive it. *Franklin*'s commander later said O'Callahan was "the bravest man I ever saw."

O'Callahan also, in the midst of explosions and breathing toxic, suffocating smoke, administered last rites to the dying—for O'Callahan was a Jesuit priest and one of the carrier's two chaplains. The Boston-born O'Callahan, with a cleft in his chin so deep a nickel could hide in it, lived to receive the Medal of Honor and was the only chaplain so decorated during the entire war. A destroyer escort was named in his honor. He attained the rank of captain before leaving the Naval Reserve in 1953. He died in 1964 but can still be seen in the *Victory at Sea* episode "Suicide for Glory." He's the chaplain on the burning carrier deck ministering to a dying sailor.

Perhaps it is Irish-Americans who should have been complaining.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# With Malice Toward Many

## Washington, Lincoln, and God

### by Tom Landess

Most Americans in the 18th, 19th, and early 20th centuries believed in the public expression of religious sentiments as surely as they believed in publicly proclaiming their patriotism. Such expression was not merely their right; it was their duty. Indeed, religious faith was part of the "given" of any political debate, the common ground upon which all candidates stood when they rose to disagree with one another. Even in the late 19th century—when great oratory had given way to high-blown platitudes—politicians could still, in all sincerity, invoke the Almighty at the slightest provocation.

Among the most common acknowledgments of religious faith were those delivered at ceremonial occasions where there were no votes on the table, no veterans or preachers to enlist, no pragmatic reason to haul out the colors of rhetoric. One such occasion was the inauguration of a president. At that moment, with the election over, the nation's new chief executive and head of state speaks to the people for the first time. It was probably a much more significant occasion in earlier times than it is today, after so many televised debates, so many interviews, so many 60-second spots. But even in the 21st century, the significance of the moment remains.

George Washington set the precedent in his First Inaugural by expressing his own submission to God and then the submission of the nation as a whole. He understood the special significance of this occasion. It was the first inauguration of an American president—first in what he expected to be an unbroken chain stretching into the future as far as the eye of imagination could see. He therefore had a special obligation to establish a precedent for succeeding presidents to recognize and follow. Note the wording and length of the following statement:

> Such being the impressions under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a Government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than those of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency; and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted can not be compared with the means by which most governments have been established without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.

This statement occupied a substantial and preemptive place in his text, preceding his discussion of more pragmatic matters of state. Indeed, the passage was longer than his entire Second Inaugural Address. Here, he said in so many words that, on such an occasion, propriety required the acknowledgment of God's role in the destiny of the United States. For the first time, a president of the United States affirmed the belief that this nation had been especially blessed by God, Who looked with favor on its history and people. Succeeding presidents would echo these sentiments.

Washington, a faithful communicant of the Episcopal Church, specifically referred to the piety that all Americans shared at that moment when he said: "In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own." *This is something about which we all agree*, he was telling the new nation, *but it needs to be said all the same at public occasions such as this one.*

He even closed this paradigmatic inaugural address by again invoking God's blessing.

> Having thus imparted to you my sentiments as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the Human Race in humble supplication that, since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions

*Contributing editor Tom Landess is a retired English professor who has published a number of books and articles, many of which have appeared under his name.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness, so His divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures on which the success of this Government must depend.

Succeeding presidents followed Washington's example. Thus, Thomas Jefferson, poster boy of People for the American Way, paid homage to the God of the Holy Bible: "I shall need, too, the favor of that Being in whose hands we are, who led our forefathers, as Israel of old, from their native land, and planted them in a country flowing with all the necessaries and comforts of life."

Following Washington's example, every president, including George W. Bush, has mentioned God in his inaugural address (or addresses) to the nation, a fact highly significant, since, even in our own time—with the ACLU poised to pounce on every scurrying, squealing mention of the G-word—newly elected presidents have invariably chosen to reaffirm the nation's belief that the United States remains a nation under God.

To be sure, many of these allusions to the Almighty were postponed until the final paragraph and, in their brevity, said little if anything about God's specific role in the nation's affairs. However, with one exception, they clearly appealed to a benign and gracious Creator and Preserver. In that one address, though, He is presented as the angry scourge of the nation, a God who rained death and destruction on the American people as punishment for sin. Such a God is described in the Second Inaugural Address of our 16th President.

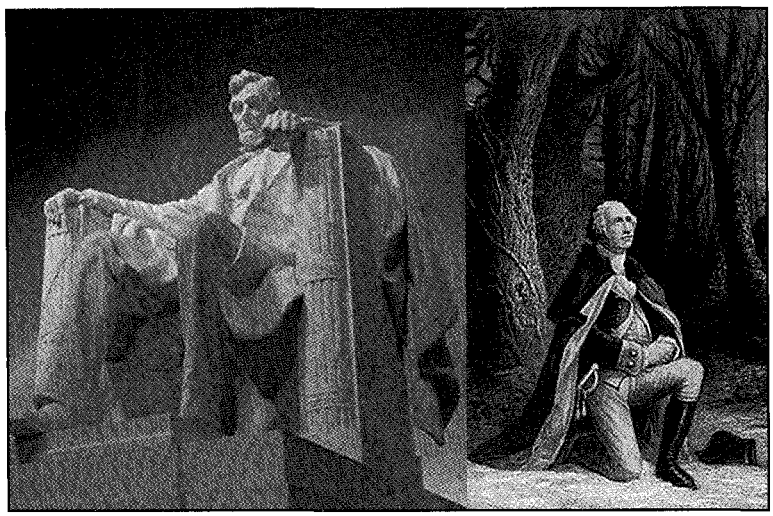
At his first inauguration, Abraham Lincoln's position as president was the very opposite of George Washington's. Washington had won a war that had united his people and established a new nation. He was known to virtually every American and wildly popular, certainly the inevitable choice to be the nation's first president. By contrast, Lincoln, relatively unknown and supported by a minority of the voters, was a polarizing figure, whose very election triggered secession. He was facing the prospect of a war that threatened to undo the nation Washington's victories had established.

So how could Lincoln hope to avoid what William H. Seward in 1858 would call "the irrepressible conflict"? On what common ground could the two sides stand to engage in civil discourse? Lincoln knew that politicians North and South, as well as the people they served, were overwhelmingly Christian and that he was expected to appeal to the same God that Washington confidently invoked at the beginning of the nation. But Lincoln's own belief—or unbelief—placed him outside the Christian community.

The best evidence shows that Lincoln did not believe Christ died to save the sins of the world or that He was the Son of God. On rare occasions, he accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to the Presbyterian Church; but, in an era where membership in a Christian denomination was *de rigueur* for politicians, he never joined. The people who knew him best said he was a freethinker, a scoffer, a man who looked on the New Testament as a crazy collection of stories and homilies that at best bewildered him.

Whether sincere or insincere, Lincoln, in his First Inaugural Address, said merely that "Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty."

Note that Lincoln first cited "intelligence," then "patriotism," both of which he addressed in the body of his speech. As for "Christianity," he allowed the word to lie in its crib—unfed, unloved. It carried almost no rhetorical weight in this single sentence, which itself is no more than 30 words pasted near the end of a 3,633-word text. Like other presidents, he was following Washington's prescription for an inaugural address, but he did not waste more than a single word on a religion for which he had little use, either as a practicing politician or as a man.



Melanie Anderson

Lincoln spent most of the other 3,603 words appealing to "intelligence"—reasoning with those Southerners who had left the Union and those who were poised to do so. In these passages, he mustered his evidence like the good lawyer he was. First, he stated in clear, unambiguous language his position on the future of slavery, by quoting from one of his earlier speeches: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

As for the so-called fugitive-slave controversy, he quoted the very passage in the Constitution that mandated return of escaped slaves, said the Constitution must be obeyed, and pointed out that "[a]ll members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as to any other."

Having attempted to reassure Southerners that he was not to be confused with New England abolitionists, he told them in lawyerly language that the Union was a contract entered into by all parties and could not be rescinded unilaterally: "no State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that *resolves* and *ordinances* to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances."

In his two-paragraph peroration, he appealed, not to God or to the Southerners' Christian beliefs, but to their "patriotism."

> I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

It is an eloquent conclusion to a well-reasoned argument obviously crafted to persuade Southerners rather than to inflame Northerners. One has to understand the highly complicated circumstances surrounding secession not to wonder why it did not motivate at least some Southern politicians to patch up the quarrel and remain in the Union.

Four years later—after hundreds of thousands of men had been killed on both sides (more Northern troops than Southern troops), Lincoln had won another election, and antiwar sentiment had boiled over in New York City and elsewhere. When Lincoln composed his Second Inaugural Address, he had seen his hope of a quick victory turn to ashes and his tenuous popularity turn to widespread animosity.

Unlike his perfunctory nod to Christianity and the "Him" in his First Inaugural, Lincoln relied heavily on biblical language in his Second Inaugural, quoting from the Bible, rhetorically clenching his teeth and pounding the pulpit like an Old Testament prophet, wagging a reproving finger at the sins of an entire nation, while specifically directing his fury (and God's) at the people of the South.

He begins this sermonic address by reminding his audience of an ironic fact: Both sides in the war worshiped the same God, with each asking for help to prevail against the other. But he left no doubt as to which side had earned God's wrath. The slaveholding South was unworthy to ask anything from God: "It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces."

Was he talking about Northern factory owners as well as Southern slaveholders? And about those who were living off dividends from industrial stocks? They, too, profited from the product of other people's manual labor. However, as he developed his jeremiad, he made it clear: He was talking only about slavery. The ensuing paraphrase of words spoken by Jesus—"but let us judge not, that we be not judged" (Matthew 7:1)—was ironically, unintentionally self-mocking, since Lincoln had already passed severe judgment in the front part of the very same sentence.

Then—in a cleverly wrought passage that discussed God's role in merely hypothetical terms—he suggested that the war, brought on by slavery, was the Divine Will intervening in history to punish the nation for the South's sin.

> The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

This is a curious passage. In it, Lincoln spoke of the "Almighty" having "His own purposes." Yet the quotation was taken from the words of Jesus, in a speech to His disciples (Matthew 18:7). Why not come right out and use the *J*-word? To be sure, orthodox Christians believed, then as now, that Jesus is God. But Lincoln did not. It is barely possible that he saw the quote somewhere and did not verify its source. However, it is highly likely that he used "Almighty" because it sounded more like the Old Testament God, Who was forever visiting disaster on those who disobeyed His commands, rather than Jesus, who tended to stress mercy and forgiveness. It was certainly a good quote for what Lincoln wished to say: that North and South alike had suffered because of the sin of slavery, but that the South ("by whom the offense cometh") had incurred the greater punishment.

> Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

This address was delivered on March 4, 1865. In just over a month, Lee would surrender at Appomattox. The war was all but over, and Lincoln well knew the price Southerners had already paid for their attempt to leave the Union. Sherman and Sheridan—with Lincoln's approval—had made war against civilians; burned their houses and crops; slaughtered their animals; and ordered troops to shoot men, women, and children at random. Yet in the Second Inaugural, Lincoln suggested that these war crimes were somehow ordained by the providence of God.

As the Gettysburg Address illustrates, Lincoln knew how to use biblical rhetoric to justify his own political choices and their catastrophic consequences. For a man who thought as little of Jesus as Lincoln did, in this address, he made mighty good use of the red-letter sections of the Bible—to curse his enemies and to picture himself as the instrument of God's true and righteous judgment. In so doing, he stood Washington's precedent on its head and once again revealed himself as the master manipulator of rhetoric.

Yet his ultimate affront to religious sensibilities occurred in his peroration, when—after using Scripture to scourge his enemies—he donned a cassock and became, in that white space between paragraphs, the benevolent dispenser of Christian grace, the peacemaker, the nurse of the nation that God had so sorely afflicted.

> With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Small wonder he is regarded as our greatest president. You can fool most of the people all of the time.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Conversion of a Culture

## Crisis and Resolution

### by Harold O.J. Brown

Melanie Anderson

Can an entire culture "be converted"—*i.e.*, turn away from entrenched patterns of selfishness and self-indulgence and replace them with patterns of altruism? Can an entire society begin to act in accordance with the Second Great Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Matt. 22:39 KJV)? So fundamental a change in orientation cannot be commanded by dictators, however sincerely and earnestly they may try, as the disastrous failures of Communism show. Neither can it be organized by social engineers nor be effectively promoted by moral preaching. The spirit that Sorokin, Buchman, King, and others like them wanted to see permeate society can come only in the wake of a massive cultural shift. Our analysis suggests that such a shift is beginning to take place. Such a spirit accompanied the rise of Christianity; perhaps it would accompany a renewal of Christianity—not of ecclesial power or theocratic structures but of the spirit of its Founder, as expressed in the Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount (see Matt. 5:3-11).

The late Roman Empire was so jaded and disillusioned that it was ripe for transformation by the new religion of Christianity. Is our sociocultural supersystem similarly ready? It surely is jaded and disillusioned. Virtues, ideals, and heroism are regularly derided in the media and the arts. It is inevitably taken for granted that anyone who espouses firm ethical principles, praises virtue, or dares to express criticism of anything that classical Judeo-Christian morality condemns will be derided as judgmental, puritanical, and in all likelihood hypocritical.

Every society needs a moral core, a shared consensus on principles and ideals in order to remain viable. The progressive dismantling of the principles and ideals that have created Western culture has reached a point where the society will soon cease to be self-sustaining. If that happens, either the social fabric will unravel, plunging the culture into chaos, or a complex system of controls will have to be instituted to preserve order at the expense of freedom. Such a system could be either harshly totalitarian, like that of the former Soviet Empire, or milder and outwardly benevolent. An example is the sort of state paternalism exhibited in Swedish socialism, which is repressive not only toward all local traditions and voluntary associations, but of the family structure and of individuality. The only alternative to the disintegration of the social fabric is a widespread and general reawakening of the public to the kinds of truths, principles, and ideals that characterize ideational and idealistic cultures.

If we take the short-term view and look no farther back in history than the early days of our sensate culture, we will see only deterioration and disintegration and can only expect things to grow worse at an accelerating rate unless a benevolent or malevolent despot appears to establish a semblance of order and cohesiveness. If instead we look farther and observe how sensate cultures have been renewed, especially in the shift that transformed pagan Rome into Christian Europe, we have good reason to hope for something better. What will be required is a fundamental reorientation, a fresh appropriation of transcendent beliefs and values. This is something that no government can require by law or impose by reeducation; it must come from above human heads and be taken into human hearts.

---

*Theologian Harold O.J. Brown (1933-2007) was the religion editor of* Chronicles *until his death this past July. This article was drawn from Chapter 13 ("Crisis and Resolution") of his final book,* The Sensate Culture, *published in 1996.* The Sensate Culture *itself was drawn from Dr. Brown's observations and elaborations on the work of Pitirim Alexandrovich Sorokin (1889-1968), particularly his 1941 book* The Crisis of Our Age.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If it is to happen, it certainly must happen before and instead of the desperate resort to total state control and total planning that characterized the former Soviet Union and is still being attempted in Communist China. When the unstable but still Christian and Western culture of imperial Russia collapsed under the German pounding and the internal misery and disorder of World War I, an intense effort was made to replace traditional values with a state-imposed Communist morality and to create new Socialist man. This immense effort suddenly collapsed in 1991, and it has become clear that the abolition of the moral and altruistic base of Russian Christianity, with all its faults and inconsistencies, was not replaced by something better but by a moral vacuum. The Russians and the other nationalities that people the vast territory of the former USSR are finding it very difficult to put something in its place, and plaintive voices asking for a return to tyranny are already being raised across that vast territory.

***Toleration, while preferable to persecution, is not altogether necessary. What is necessary is to remember or to learn for the first time that we are not the blind products of time plus space plus chance, but we have a dignity that comes from God, a dignity that obliges us to respect and serve one another, to guard and protect human life and the earth that God has entrusted to us.***

Unlike the Soviet Union and several of its successor states—which belong to Western culture in the broader sense—the narrower West, Western Europe and North America, has not suffered the moral and spiritual privation of decades of monolithic, materialistic dictatorship. More remnants of the ideational and idealistic foundations of Christianity have survived in the narrower West, but the cultural fatigue and disillusionment of Western Europe and North America is profound. Are the wealthy nations of the West in any sense ready to receive the "grace of understanding," if it is given, and to act upon it? That is the great question. The answer will determine whether the spiritual twilight that we now experience is the darkness before the dawn or the dark before the deepest night.

The sense that moral renewal is needed is widespread in the West, but there is also widespread fear and apprehension about the spiritual and moral choices, decisions, and sacrifices that must be made in order to bring it about. Awareness of the fact that the entire national welfare system must die within a few years if corrective measures are not taken is not sufficient to persuade the American public to make *any* sacrifices today, even if it is pointed out that the "sacrifices" do not involve *reduction* of benefits but simply a slowing down of *increases* in government largesse. One may well wonder whether a population that is so unwilling to sacrifice any of its comforts today in order not to lose them all tomorrow is morally and spiritually capable of receiving and acting upon the grace of understanding if a gracious Deity should grant it. Is it capable of choosing any virtue, no matter how noble and edifying, if to do so it must pay even a small price in comfort and ease?

If we conclude that the people do not have that capability, then there is little that can be done other than to attempt to make America's slide into chaos or totalitarianism as slow and agreeable as possible. Is there no alternative then, no hope to get off the "broad road that leads to destruction"?

There is a spot of bright light on this pessimistic landscape; indeed, it could be the glow that marks the sun shining through the clouds that are beginning to break up and scatter. If human beings are made in the image of the divine, then man and human society cannot indefinitely be deaf to the voice of conscience and blind to the vision of virtue. Individuals here and there have listened and looked up, and voices—for the moment voices *clamantes in deserto* (crying in the desert), few and scattered—are beginning to sound calls for reorientation and renewal. Much more widespread and pervasive than the challenges to renewal is the growing sense of uneasiness with the deepening crisis of culture and of longing for answers of a spiritual and idealistic nature. Can anything be offered, will anything be offered, to fill this longing and bring about a transformation before our "pomp of yesteryear" becomes "one with Nineveh and Tyre"?

The militant secularism and religious indifference of the last decades have made our society suspicious of and hostile to any movement and every proposal that bears the label of traditional religion, especially Christianity. Now there are some indications—only hints for the moment, but growing—that disillusionment with the fading favors of a rotten sensate culture is causing people to abandon that suspicion and to become receptive to solutions that are identifiably Christian, not merely idealistic or spiritual in the vaguest sense of the term. Where conditions are most desperate (for example, in the prisons and the drug culture), specifically Christian enterprises have been first tolerated, then accepted, and finally enthusiastically endorsed. As people become more aware that our overripe sensate culture is nearing disaster, it is not unreasonable to hope that large numbers of them will be willing to listen once more to the counsel and principles that brought about the great shift from moribund paganism to early Christianity sixteen hundred years ago.

It may be objected that the Christian world itself is in a state of deterioration and decay hardly less pronounced than that of the sensate society that we decry. Viewed superficially, that is true. Great interdenominational and interconfessional organizations such as the National and World Councils of Churches have degenerated into ineffectual promoters of tepid moral platitudes mixed with occasional efforts to endorse revolutionary and anti-Western movements here and there. It is hard to imagine society being galvanized or renewal ignited by the pronouncements of a Ralph Potter or Emilio Castro or the machinations of COCU [the "Church of Christ Uniting"].

That there is much confusion within the churches and defection from them cannot be doubted. However, it should be remembered that the early church not only suffered govern-



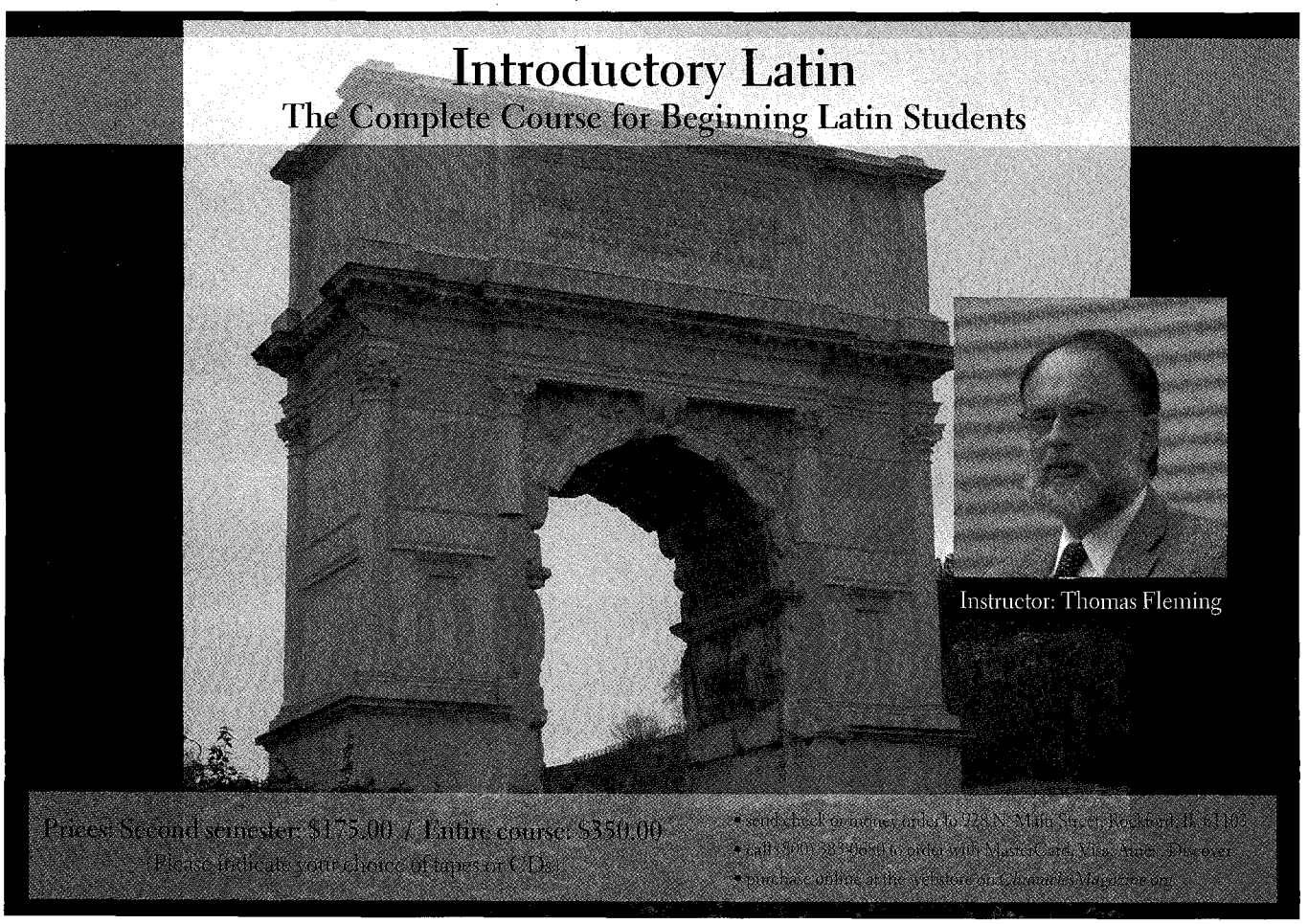
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mental persecution but had to battle and defeat several movements that would have totally changed its character, among them Gnosticism, Marcionism, and Arianism (the latter being defeated only after the Emperor Constantine himself turned to Christianity). Christianity did not draw on the support of the state to defeat these challenges, for the first two were repelled while the emperors were still pagan and frequently persecuted the church; Arianism actually had the support of the emperors for a time and was put down by more vigorous theology, not by government force.

Christianity did not become the state religion until several decades later under another emperor. Many historians and sociologists, Christians and non-Christians, look on the official establishment of Christianity as having hampered rather than promoted the beneficial influence of Christianity's altruistic moral and social teachings on society at large, for as the church gained in wealth and prestige, it lost some of its early moral vigor. It was not the establishment of Christianity that made the sociocultural shift possible, for it was already in progress before Constantine; freeing the church from persecution accelerated the shift but did not cause it. Official establishment increased the political power of the church but probably diminished its moral influence. The ongoing transformation of the culture came through the teachers, preachers, and theologians, through the schools, universities, and hospitals.

It was under these circumstances that the deep conviction of the Christians—that the highest and indeed only real truth is the truth of God, who made us in his image and placed us here for a purpose—took hold and transformed society. Establishment is not necessary; indeed, it may be harmful. Even toleration, while preferable to persecution, is not altogether necessary. What is necessary is the shared conviction of large numbers of people that "it is He who made us, and not we ourselves" (Ps. 100:3). What is necessary is to remember or to learn for the first time that we are not the blind products of time plus space plus chance, but we have a dignity that comes from God, a dignity that obliges us to respect and serve one another, to guard and protect human life and the earth that God has entrusted to us. What is necessary is to remember that we have been given a creative mission here on earth and that we must stand "in the judgment" when our tasks on earth are ended. ◁

***If we take the short-term view and look no farther back in history than the early days of our sensate culture, we will see only deterioration and disintegration and can only expect things to grow worse at an accelerating rate unless a benevolent or malevolent despot appears to establish a semblance of order and cohesiveness.***



Introductory Latin
The Complete Course for Beginning Latin Students
Instructor: Thomas Fleming
Prices: Second semester: $175.00 / Entire course: $350.00
(Please indicate your choice of tapes or CDs)
• send check or money order to 928 N. Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103
• call 1-800-383-0970 to order with MasterCard, Visa, Amex, Discover
• purchase online at the webstore on ChroniclesMagazine.org




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Dobson's Choice

## Politics and the Spirit of Martyrdom

### by Aaron D. Wolf

During the 1990's, under the guidance of Rush Limbaugh and Newt Gingrich, the Christian Right learned to hate Hillary Clinton, and all her lies, and all her empty promises. To them, she is (to borrow from Dr. Sam Loomis) pure evil. She is a feminist who looks down her nose at women who stay home and bake cookies, and she tried to nationalize Hillary-Care and threatens to do so again, and she just sounds angry all the time. But the Big Thing, the focal point of the wrath of the Christian Right, has been her advocacy for abortion. She, along with the godless Democrats, supports abortion "rights"; we, as members of the Party of Lincoln, do not.

That simple credo is changing, now that the openly pro-abortion Rudy Giuliani has emerged as a Republican front runner, together with Fred Thompson and Mitt Romney. For many pro-life Christians, none of these candidates will do. Fred Thompson wants to see *Roe* v. *Wade* overturned and the issue returned to the states (where he would also like to see the status of "gay marriage" decided). And Mitt Romney, in addition to supervising the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Adam and Steve in Massachusetts, has flip-flopped on abortion once already; he could do so again. And of course, he wears sacred drawers and may be president of his own planet some day, a fact that is disturbing to a host of Christian voters.

Dr. James Dobson, who has assumed (or been given) the mantle of elder statesman for the Christian Right, now that Jerry Falwell is gone and Pat Robertson has been linked more with protein shakes than with political sanity, is sticking to his guns when it comes to abortion. "If neither of the two major political parties nominates an individual who pledges himself or herself to the sanctity of human life," he wrote in an op-ed in the *New York Times*, "we will join others in voting for a minor party candidate."

The "we" in his statement refers to a late-September meeting in Salt Lake City of 50 pro-life leaders, who are admittedly conflicted over which candidate to support. Nonetheless, "Those agreeing with the proposition were invited to stand. The result was almost unanimous."

Dobson may care little for the notion of limited government, the Christian theory of just war, or the concept of federalism, but he is consistent when it comes to his core beliefs. "Speaking personally, and not for the organization I represent or the other leaders gathered in Salt Lake City, I firmly believe that the selection of a president should begin with a recommitment to traditional moral values and beliefs." Atop his list are the sanctity of human life and the institution of marriage. "Only after that determination is made can the acceptability of a nominee be assessed."

After this article appeared, Sean Hannity butted heads with Dobson on *Hannity & Colmes*. Echoing the hand-wringing neocons, Hannity laid out the bottom line for Dr. Dobson: "[I]f, in fact, you were to mount a third-party challenge and support a third-party candidate, the result [according to a recent Rasmussen poll] 'would be a landslide victory for Hillary Clinton.'"

Dobson, in turn, upped the ante, stating that, in effect, a Hillary Clinton victory over Giuliani would be *good* for the pro-life movement. "If it's Hillary, as bad as she is, there will be a mobilization to fight what she's trying to do. If [Giuliani] is put in office by conservatives and by those who are pro-life and pro-marriage, pro-family, I'm afraid that we will not recover from it."

In Dobson's frank assessment, there is the faint echo of Tertullian's famous statement that "in the blood of the martyrs lies the seed of the Church." In the face of great persecution, the faithful are stimulated to persevere, which, in turn, causes others to see and hear their witness and be drawn to their cause. Indeed, if Hillary Clinton is seated in the Oval Office, she will likely become a focal point for the rage of pro-life Christians, and calls for her defeat will become a rallying cry. Inspired by their hatred for Hillary, hitherto lukewarm anti-abortionists might be stirred to action, might pass out more voter's guides next time, might make new converts of unbelievers.

If Giuliani wins, on the other hand, then, according to Dobson, "the pro-life, the pro-family movement is gone." What, exactly, does that mean? Does it mean that, for at least four years, there would be no chance of a Republican president signing a human-life amendment to the Constitution? Does it mean accepting the fact that the best we could hope for would be that decisions regarding abortion and "gay marriage" would be returned to the states? Does it mean that, during a Giuliani presidency, it would be difficult for pro-life and pro-family organizations to raise money? Does it signal the removal of the pro-life plank from the GOP platform? While Dobson undoubtedly has these in mind, he is suggesting more, a worse prospect for marriage and for the unborn. *The pro-life and the pro-family movements would be gone.*

Dobson's moribund statement implies that the Christian commitment to the sanctity of human life and the Christian witness to the traditional family are hanging by a political thread. After all, we are only talking about the election of a president, and while, admittedly, the power of the executive branch has grown and continues to grow by leaps and bounds, Dobson's prophecy seems to suggest that the U.S. president has the power to cripple and even to kill the deep-seated convictions of vast numbers of Christian activists, volunteers, and just plain decent folks who oppose killing the preborn and blessing sodomites.

No, some might argue, Dobson said that the pro-life and pro-family *movements* would be gone, not the beliefs and commitments of Christians. But what is behind the movement, if not the moral convictions of Christians, the foot soldiers of the

---

*Aaron D. Wolf is the associate editor of* Chronicles.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movement? And why is it that a Republican pro-abortion president is capable of deflating the aspirations of the faithful, while the exact opposite is true if a Democratic pro-abortion candidate wins the White House?

Dr. Dobson and the Christian Right are confusing the success of political agendas—GOP agendas, in particular—with the survival of Christian morality in America. They have spent decades building a coalition of single-issue voters (now dual-issue voters, with the advent of the "gay marriage" question) who focus on the most "electable" Republican candidate who is willing to say *Yes, I'm pro-life*, even though these candidates have done precious little to reward the Christian Right's efforts. This coalition believes the media when it tells them that the GOP cannot win without them—and perhaps that is true. Now, it seems, this investment of years of grassroots campaigning, of blood, sweat, and tears, could be lost.

By their calculations, the coalition's investment paid off last April, when Chief Justice John Roberts and Associate Justice Samuel Alito tipped the scales in favor of the Partial Birth Abortion Ban passed by Congress and signed by President George W. Bush in 2003. "This ruling reminds us that elections matter," wrote Dobson immediately after the decision was handed down. "President Bush's appointment of Samuel Alito provided the swing vote to protect this law. If John Kerry were President, partial birth abortion would still be legal in the land. In fact he voted against the ban six times as a Senator."

Christians rejoiced in this victory against a truly evil procedure. The practice of partial-birth abortion is so barbaric that it is simply too gruesome to describe in these pages. It also represents something in the neighborhood of less than one quarter of one percent of the abortions performed in America. As he rejoiced, Dr. Dobson laid a wreath at the feet of the President: "[O]ne man—President George W. Bush, the most pro-life President in the United States' history—has acted to protect children from the barbarity of partial birth abortion." Indeed, he wrote, "a civilized society must not condone such compassionless and hideous acts against human beings."

With less than one quarter of one percent of America's annual 1.3 million abortions proscribed by federal law, we cannot say that we live in a civilized society. Indeed, our society could not be said to be civilized even if all abortions in the United States were outlawed tomorrow. And that is because we have frittered away the Christian convictions that created our civilization, trading our birthright for a pot of politics. We have placed our hopes not in the transforming power of the Gospel but in the edicts of Caesar. In the process, our faith itself has lost all of its sharp edges, becoming so benign that it draws little attention to us. Instead, what garners attention is our insistence that the nonbelieving majority of our fellow citizens submit to our beliefs on abortion and "gay marriage." These two issues have become the faith that we confess before men.

Historically, it has been the radical heretics who have insisted that, because government by nature tends toward corruption, Christians should have no part in it. But Christians who participate in government must be sober and recognize that legislation cannot save, in the ultimate sense, a hellbent people or its offspring. Saint Paul did, of course, instruct us to "honor the king," and proclaimed "the powers that be are ordained of God," but he was far more interested in making unbelievers into "fellow-citizens with the saints." We are not Saint Paul, but neither are we members of a Christian nation or citizens of a Christian country. Not only is our government openly hostile to our Faith, it is importing jihadist aliens who wish to claim our land for the *Dar al Islam*. Set aside the polls about Heaven and angels and even being "born again": We are a minority; our numbers are shrinking; our churches are dying. Thus, if we wish to restore the civilization that has been lost, we have to pay more attention to our Faith and less attention to Republican politics. We have to baptize our children instead of trying to baptize our elections. We have to stay married instead of trying to define marriage.

Nineteen-hundred years ago, Christians were a minority in the Roman Empire. What was it that made them stand out? Did they picket the Roman baths or stage protests before the proconsuls? No, according to Pliny the Younger, the pagan governor of Pontus and Bithynia,

> they were accustomed to meet on a fixed day before dawn and sing responsively a hymn to Christ as to a god, and to bind themselves by oath, not to some crime, but not to commit fraud, theft, or adultery, not falsify their trust, nor to refuse to return a trust when called upon to do so. When this was over, it was their custom to depart and to assemble again to partake of food—but ordinary and innocent food. Even this, they affirmed, they had ceased to do after my edict by which, in accordance with [Emperor Trajan's] instructions, I had forbidden secret societies. Accordingly, I judged it all the more necessary to find out what the truth was by torturing two female slaves who were called deaconesses. But I discovered nothing else but a perverse and extravagant superstition.

The myth of Christian America, perpetuated by distorted accounts of American history which insist that any deist President who mentioned "God" in a speech, from Jefferson to Lincoln, must have been "one of us," has created a false confidence that we are just one election away from returning to our Christian Founding—*if only we could end abortion . . . if only we could pass . . . if only Mike Huckabee . . .* Such confidence, and the political maneuvering that often accompanies it, undermines the Christian desire to make a bold and clear confession of faith. A martyr, in the earliest sense, was a witness, someone who testified publicly. The Christians of the first and second centuries had Christ's words ringing in their ears—"If you confess me before men, I will confess you before my father in heaven." They harbored no illusions about their government; they strove to live peaceably among men, paying their taxes and dealing honestly in business, while "meeting on a fixed day at dawn" to confess in song that Christ is God. Their greatest concern was not with the political landscape but with working out their salvation, maintaining the purity of the Apostles' doctrine, and performing acts of charity—which included, among other things, the adoption of exposed infants. Their great offense to their Roman masters was their refusal to burn incense to the emperor, a simple act and a signature that would spare their lives when they were put to the test. Instead, they witnessed for their Faith and paid the ultimate price.

Of course, things are different for us: We live in a democracy, and, as citizens of a democracy, we have never been asked to burn incense to the emperor; we just asked ourselves to preserve our Christian civilization by voting for the most pro-life President in U.S. history, even after he burned incense to Allah by declaring that Christians, Jews, and Muslims alike pray to him, then wished us all a happy Ramadan. ©



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Throne and Altar

**by Hugh Barbour, O.Praem.**

*"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God"*
—1 Corinthians 10:31

My father, God rest his soul, was very fond of Thai food, with its quickly sautéd noodles and peppery élan. Not far from his condominium in the Rossmore section of Los Angeles, there was a practically endless selection of Thai places. One, I remember, was frequented by monks whose vermilion robes seemed like an authoritative advertisement for the peppers on our plates. In every one of these establishments (and we tried quite a few until Dad settled on his favorite), there was a little Buddhist shrine with some offerings before it along with a framed portrait of the king of Thailand, Bhumibol Adulyadej, Rama IX, the world's longest-reigning head of state, and the only one with a Swiss *baccalauréat* in Latin and Greek. Dad would inevitably exclaim, "Ah, the union of throne and altar!" (Sometimes, he would also ask, "Where's the picture of Anna?"—but this nursery humor does not speak to our point here.)

Never had I thought of this expression, the kind Anglican vicars like to pronounce, as anything more than figurative until this year, when I stood before the legendary throne of Charlemagne in the imperial basilica of Aachen. I had seen a picture of the throne before, but only from the front. Viewed from the side, one discovers that the throne is also an altar. It was considered a relic, our guide explained, with its back slab, which forms the altarpiece, taken from the Anastasis in Jerusalem. Recent scholarship (German, of course), in spite of the clerical skepticism expressed by my guide, has determined that the throne-altar is really from the time of Charlemagne and not a century later, as was thought. According to Einhard, the emperor's official biographer, the Abbasid caliph Harun al Rashid gave the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to Charlemagne—no doubt to offer a keen slight to the Eastern emperors—as a personal property and enriched his legates with many gifts for their return to Aachen. Thus, the tradition of the reliquary altar-throne enjoys a genuine verisimilitude. Practically every legitimate and illegitimate claimant to European imperium has had to sit on this throne for at least the space of a paternoster or, in the 20th century, has gone to gawk at it. Thus Hitler even, and, in 1979, Giscard d'Estaing and Helmut Schmidt, the former of whom declared of the venue chosen for the discussion of European monetary policy at which *la douce France* was given quite a beating by the Bundesrepublik: "Perhaps when we discussed monetary problems, the spirit of Charlemagne brooded over us." *Brooded* might just have been the right word, since it would seem that, in contemporary E.U. policy, the dearly purchased potters' field has replaced the freely given tomb of the Savior.

---

*Fr. Hugh is prior of St. Michael's Abbey in Trabuco Canyon, California.*

A priest, of course, should have a lively interest in the placement of the altar he serves. Einhard and, before him, Eusebius and, before him, the author of the *Res Gestae* of Augustus (which Mussolini had meaningfully caused to be inscribed by the newly reconstructed *ara pacis*, the "altar of peace" in Rome) all recount the essential role of the civil sovereigns of their day in promoting and ordering the practice of religion. Christianity, unlike the other Roman religions before it, can surely exist without legitimization by the state, but whether it ever has for long, or whether it ought to, or whether the state can exist without religion are important questions—questions whose resolution is bound to be given in practice, even if it is avoided in theory.

What would Western Latin Christianity be without Charlemagne, or Slavic Christendom without Vladimir or the Nemanjas, or Lutheranism without Philip of Hesse, or Calvinism and Low Church Anglicanism without the house of Orange, or any of these without the original initiative of Constantine? Indeed, where would the supposedly apolitical and nonmagisterial Baptists be without American foreign policy and their chaplaincy to the presidents? And what, oh what would be the moral authority of the Holy See and its recently itinerant occupants, were its once explicit and now mostly implicit claim to temporal power not recognized by the greater number of governments? As for Judaism and Islamic states, they are inherently linked to earthly rule, but then, the one is the precursor and the other, the abusive distortion, of Christian polity.

What is the nature of the relation between religion and the state? To cut to the heart of the matter, we must step outside the context of the customary presentation of the problem of Church and state relations—namely, that of the Enlightenment—and, indeed, even outside the broader context that preceded it, that of the medieval confrontation between the papacy and the restored Western Roman Empire.

First of all, and apart from all theories and evaluations, the mutual influence of Church and state is a fact. Whether the state is directing the extent and quality of religious life among its people, or the Church is determining the limits of the legitimacy of the state, their reciprocal relationship is a reality. In the second place, and apart from all supernatural sublimations which, by God's initiative, may further elevate and perfect the merely human, the roots of this reality are to be traced most deeply in the principles which govern human nature—that is, in the natural law ascertainable by reason.

Human nature is specific; it is one thing shared by many by way of a material multiplication, or procreation. This is a point easily obscured if the revolutionary perspective of the Enlightenment dominates the discussion. Men are not first



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of all unique, autonomous persons endowed with rights (although they are, in some sense, also that); rather, they are eminently repeatable individuals of a species that descends from its forebears by generation. Human society takes its rise from the relationship of father and mother to children, and to their children, and to their children's children. What does this immediately imply? Simply that the existence, nourishment, and education of a human being depends on transcendent, albeit human, causes that span time and space, and extensively exceed the limits of an individual existence. Such causes, personal as they are, are inherently religious, since they establish a bond between persons which determines the direction of life and fulfills its deepest natural needs. To be a father or mother is to fulfill a role which is that of a source and governor of life, and this is the very foundation of all religious understanding about the divinity. This is the original mysterious analog of revealed religion for a Christian; and for many human religious systems, it is not even an analogy but the simple fact of descent from the first cause of one's kind: the gods. That parenthood is a certain kind of divinity is not a weird insight unique to the Mormons; it is a fact of human nature. It is for this reason that the original priesthood of natural religion was that of the fathers of households, and of the father *par excellence*, the chief or king.

Thus, "social conservatives" should stop objecting and painting distinctions when they are told that, by insisting on "family values," they are imposing their religion on their neighbors. Rather, they should respond that this is, in fact, what they intend to do, and cannot help doing, since a society that finds its origin and most fundamental cause in the parental household is, by that very fact, inherently religious. On this level, there is a necessary union between religion and the state.

It is only when religion includes principles of existence and conduct that transcend the context of human procreation that the distinction which, in some matters, implies separation needs to be made. This is the religion of the Christian Church, which claims for Her members a birth to a nature and a law that transcends the limits of the nature they have received from their parents after the flesh. This revelation of grace gives the Church a certain independence from the state that other religions, based on the simple laws of human descent and the national mythic lore all genealogies require, do not possess. Even so, this independence only regards this higher, supernatural life and the means to obtain it, and not at all the nature that underlies it. And so it is that the Apostle enjoins subjection to legitimate authority on all the faithful in Romans 13.

Far from being an age in which the nature of the relation between religion and civil society is obscure or problematic, our own is rather an age in which the relation is being revealed the most clearly. The matter does not concern the aspects of our revealed religion that are inherently supernatural, and about which Church-state relations have been often enough concerned in European history—in, for example, the investiture controversy or the suppression of cloisters—but, rather, the natural foundation of religion that is also the foundation of the state: the family. Marriage and procreation, its defining end, are the point at which religion and human society are in a certain sense identified. All the previous attacks on the Church have been against Her divine mission, against Her priesthood and altar; now, the principal targets are Her people in their homes, at the family table and in the marriage bed.

The great Calvinist political theorist Johannes Althusius, so highly esteemed by the late lamented Christian friend of *Chronicles* readers Dr. Harold O.J. Brown, provides us, in the *Politica*, with a simple way to conceive of the relationship and communion of the ecclesiastical and secular in terms of the two tablets of the Decalogue:

> Universal communion is both ecclesiastical and secular. Corresponding to the former are religion and piety, which pertain to the welfare and eternal life of the soul, the entire first table of the Decalogue. Corresponding to the latter is justice, which concerns the use of the body and of this life, and the rendering to each his due, the second table of the Decalogue. In the former, everything is to be referred immediately to the glory of God; in the latter, to the utility and the welfare of the people associated in one body. These are the two foundations of every good association. Whenever a turning away from them has begun, the happiness of a realm or universal association is diminished.

Of course, the second tablet begins with the positive, universal command to honor father and mother, just as the first tablet begins with the command to worship God alone. The secular order of the state, then, concerns itself primarily with the transcendent order of human origins and the direction of human life from those origins in terms of this earthly life, "that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee," and the ecclesiastical order of the Church deals primarily with that which is divine and transcends this life, "for in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

The standard whereby the relationship of religion and the state is to be judged is found, then, in the extent to which the state respects the family—that is, honors its own foundation, which is similarly the foundation of religion. Thus, in Christian lands as in others, the state does not depend simply on the Church for its legitimacy but recognizes that it has a similar origin, since the family is the principal *locus* of religion, revealed or natural. The Church, in Her turn, recognizes the state's interest in protecting such religious practices as do not harm the natural life of families in accordance with the natural law, even if She may not recognize these other religions as adequate for Her own higher, supernatural finality.

In this nobler religiosity, the state also has an interest and may, as the history of Christian states from the reign of Constantine on shows us, participate, since the revealed communion of grace compliments natural society and perfects it. With this thought in mind, the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church recently made this careful and insightful observation in its encyclical *Bases of the Social Concept of the Russian Orthodox Church* regarding the possibility of a shift from secularist forms of government to confessional ones:

> Any change of government to one [that is] more religiously rooted, [if it is] introduced without a spiritualizing of society itself, will inevitably degenerate into falsehood and hypocrisy and make this form weak and valueless in the eyes of the people. However, one cannot altogether exclude the possibility of such a spiritual revival of society as to make reasonable a religiously higher



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form of government.

It should be pointed out that not even the cautious periods of the declaration *Dignitatis humanae* of the Second Vatican Council ruled out the possibility of such a confessional state. Be that as it may, the simple truth remains that the foundation of human society in the family guarantees a certain necessary bond between religion and civil society, independent of whether the state recognizes a particular form of religion as its own. In our own tradition, this latter possibility was meant to be left to the prudence of the individual states. Now it seems that the states are only free to seek to overturn what little there is left of state recognition of religion, first with divorce, then with the prevention and interruption of life, and now with the solemnization of unnatural unions.

In the face of such enormities, more destructive of human happiness than any of the religious persecutions of the Old World, we can cry out with Chesterton at a hundred years' distance:

O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honor and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!

Tie in a living tether
The prince, the priest and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to thee.

Einhard's *Vita Karoli Magni* seamlessly and cheerfully recounts Charlemagne's family life, his study of Latin and Greek (like today's "barbarian" king of Siam), and his habits in food and drink, along with his support of religion and his conquests. My father the priest was also a Charles. Returning to where we began, I recently heard a radio interview with a student at the Culinary Institute of America (that other CIA, now housed suitably in a former Jesuit novitiate) who declared that to be a successful chef was to be "like a god" to one's diners. I do not suppose he was serving up pad thai, but let us say that, for my father and me, that would have been enough to have given him some claim on the title, or at least a "demi." Here is the foundation of the state and its oldest established religion: the nourishment of children and their education to be fathers themselves. ◈

# QUARTERLY REVIEW

**A GREAT TRADITION RENEWED**

The *Quarterly Review* (1809-1967) was founded by the poet Robert Southey, the novelist Sir Walter Scott and the future Prime Minister George Canning. It became one of the most influential journals in British history, attracting political and cultural luminaries as writers and readers. This renowned journal has now been revived by veteran Eurosceptic Sir Richard Body to make sense of today and forecast tomorrow's trends – in an unashamedly highbrow style. The new *Quarterly Review* will campaign for human-scale societies and small-scale economics, local identities and social harmony, true ecology, intellectual freedom and high culture. We aim gradually to alter perceptions and policies, by providing information, ideas and inspiration for discerning readers, from academics to journalists, from campaigners to politicians. With contributors like the Archbishop of Canterbury, Kirkpatrick Sale, Anthony O'Hear, Ezra Mishan, Taki Theodoracopoulos, John Papworth, Derek Turner and Takuan Seiyo – and many more well-known names lined up for future issues – can you afford *not* to read the *Quarterly Review*?

*To obtain a complimentary copy of the latest issue, containing articles on migration, the US and Syria, education, classical music, Frankenstein and much more, please contact:*

**QUARTERLY REVIEW,** PO Box 36, Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire, LN12 9AB, United Kingdom
Telephone: +44 1507 339056 E-mail: editor@quarterly-review.org Internet: www.quarterly-review.org

ROBERT SOUTHEY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

GEORGE CANNING




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Clueless in the Congress

## The Reauthorization of a Reckless Bill

**by Beverly K. Eakman**

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act and the No Child Left Behind Act are up for reauthorization again. This process typically entails legislators tweaking the bill—a caveat here, a zinger there. Almost always, it translates into more money.

Representatives George Miller (D-CA) and Howard "Buck" McKeon (R-CA) of the Committee on Education and Labor recently released a "discussion draft" of NCLB. They probably meant well, but it is clear, from the Title I portion alone, that the acts remain mired in nonacademic pursuits, far removed from proficiency in the basics. (Where is there a place for information relating to real learning capabilities—visual and auditory memory, visual identification, spatial and abstract reasoning, concentration, perceptual speed, hand-eye coordination, and thought-expression synchronization?) Pages 307-317 confirm that a primary goal of the legislation is to build a permanent profile of every student and teacher, and to make these accessible on a need-to-know basis to any entity that calls itself a research or civil-rights group. While there is a refreshing nod to parents (they get to view materials) and language concerning security from unauthorized parties (including a requirement to destroy files after a prescribed period), none of these stipulations carry viable penalties for noncompliance. In fact, most of them are not technologically feasible—*i.e.*, there is no way to "prove" that a backup file has not been created or that a parent has been given complete, unaltered records.

Concern over dossier-building has risen since the September 11 terror attacks, when the term *data mining* hit the news. Most people had never heard of it. But schools have been doing it since the 1970's. Back then, it was called *psychographics*.

Psychographics, which targets specific population segments through market research, has its origins in advertising. The concept was picked up by political strategists to target sociodemographic groups so that each voting bloc heard what it wanted to hear about a candidate or issue. A primary weapon in their arsenal was the questionnaire (or survey)—in effect, a "test." The information was gathered both blatantly and surreptitiously.

Webster's New World Communication and Media Dictionary defines *psychographics* as "the study of social class based upon the demographics . . . income, race, color, religion, and personality traits." These characteristics, it states, "can be measured to predict behavior." So advertisements are based on surveys seeking out people who have certain characteristics in common.

The marketing rationale behind collection of behavioral data is that the best predictor of what you might buy tomorrow is whatever you bought yesterday—your "purchase history." Political experts realized that the same could be said for what a person believes. Psychologists with advanced degrees in statistics had a new job. Whether the product being "sold" was coffee, "same-sex marriage," or a candidate for public office, the best predictor of what a person (or a voting bloc) would do in the future was whatever he (or it) did, believed, or supported in the past. Much of this is ascertainable from public records—publications subscribed to, religious and political affiliations, charities and causes contributed to, shopping habits, hobbies, stocks, occupations. Then the technology evolved. Computers proved excellent tools for cross-matching and linking information in such a way as to entice special interests—pharmaceutical companies, college admissions officials, insurance companies, and government agencies—who were willing to pay well for such insights.

By canvassing for opinions and preferences, technically known as values and lifestyles (VALS) data, and cross-matching these with public and private records, analysts found that they could establish areas of commonality across socioeconomic, demographic, political, and religious groups. If necessary, they could get down to the individual level.

By using VALS data, public-relations and advertising firms began to target marketing "packages" to specific groups, and even to individuals—through the mail, the news media, the internet. It then occurred to educators that they could do likewise.

The Miller-McKeon draft demonstrates a troubling lack of historical context. There seems to be no awareness that yesterday's psychographic surveys are today's school "assessments." Experts have become so skilled at phrasing their questions, inserted into academic tests and class questionnaires alike, that the "target subjects" (pupils) have no idea just how much they are divulging. The result is a behavioral baseline, a profile—retained in databases for posterity.

Michigan's school code specifies that only those who have "earned doctorates in psychology . . . and related behavioral sciences" are qualified to "interpret" assessments. If assessments were not psychological profiles masquerading as tests, would such a requirement be necessary? Worse, the seemingly unrelated pieces of academic and personal data, which reveal political leanings, have been fed into "predictive" computer models. Today, these can serve to eliminate undesirables from any profession that might entail leadership or influence.

Herein lies the danger of out-of-control data collection, es-

---

*Beverly K. Eakman is a former teacher and speechwriter, and a retired U.S. Justice Department employee. She is now a Washington, D.C.-based freelance writer and author of three books. Her fourth book, coming out next month, is* Walking Targets: How Our Psychologized Classrooms Are Producing a Nation of Sitting Ducks.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pecially of nonacademic, subjective opinions. Not only is a child denied the luxury of changing his mind on controversial topics, but youthful opinions can now be linked with family and other proprietary information.

Complaints that even top students were being shut out of prestigious universities, for reasons that had little to do with ability or grades but everything to do with beliefs, started surfacing ten years ago. Today, it is not unusual for a prospective student to get a letter stating that, even though the applicant has a stellar record, university officials have decided that he or she "might be happier somewhere else." How does a parent argue with that? Yet, page 307 of the Miller-McKeon draft trusts "authorized" organizations to represent their interests truthfully when seeking access to data-collection systems.

***By using VALS data, public-relations and advertising firms began to target marketing "packages" to specific groups, and even to individuals—through the mail, the news media, the internet. It then occurred to educators that they could do likewise.***

Cradle-to-grave data gathering on citizens was conceived within the education establishment. It started with the eight-state Cooperative Accountability Project in the 1970's. A decade later, a watershed document out of the National Institute of Education (then an agency within the U.S. Department of Education) entitled "Measuring the Quality of Education" was quietly circulated. Coauthored by NIE's Archie LaPointe and Willard Wirtz, this paper advocated collecting "noncognitive data" from students—subjective, opinion-oriented information. This paper built on two separate 1969 works: Walcott Beatty's *Improving Educational Assessment and an Inventory of Measures of Affective Behavior* and the anthology *Crucial Issues in Testing*, by the late Ralph Tyler and Richard Wolf.

*Measuring the Quality of Education* recommended exchanging excellence for "functionality" and "getting into students' personal characteristics" by improving upon existing "educational" databanks: the Common Core of Data, the Universe Files, and the Longitudinal Studies—already collecting massive data on schoolchildren in clunky, but nevertheless viable, systems, of which the public was unaware. Walcott Beatty's tome emphasized the importance of collecting "noncognitive" details on students' lives, noting that implementation must "avoid the appearance" of a national initiative. LaPointe and Wirtz echoed the latter point.

Ralph Tyler, a pioneer in the field of behavioral testing, was the father of the "whole-child" theory of schooling, which led to a general glorification of youth and, eventually, to children's tyranny over adults. Tyler was also a former head of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and its multimillion-dollar offshoot, the Educational Testing Service. In *Crucial Issues in Testing*, he emphasized the need for deception in testing, asserting that there "are occasions in which the test constructor [finds it necessary] to outwit the subject so that he cannot guess what information he is revealing."

These documents should have set off alarm bells with investigative journalists. What kind of "tests," after all, would require deception? Instead, reporters were diverted by teacher-union press releases over salaries, "open" classrooms, eliminating classroom competition, and other matters.

In 1985, a white paper coauthored by computer experts George Hall, Richard M. Jaeger, C. Philip Kearny, and David E. Wiley was released, entitled "Alternatives for a National Data System of Elementary and Secondary Education." It offered the federal government two options for obtaining nonacademic information from students. The following year, *Education Week* announced the selected option as an innovation in information-gathering with the headline "Radical Overhaul Offered for E.D. [Education Department] Data Collection." The pilot version morphed into the Elementary and Secondary Education Integrated Data System (ESIDS). Bigwigs in the Department of Education alleged in 1991 that ESIDS never existed. Confronted with Appendix E of their own *Nation's Report Card*, where it was listed, they changed their tune.

ESIDS evolved into the Standardization of Post-secondary Education Electronic Data/Exchange of Permanent Records Electronically for Students. SPEEDE/ExPRESS replaced the old paper folder with an electronic portfolio of pupil information, including psychological profiles and a rudimentary examination of students' families.

This chronology is critical to any reauthorization debate. Representatives Miller and McKeon should know that the collection of such information as a student's membership in groups, advocated in their proposal as though it were new, is already part and parcel of school data collection. In 1991, the Department of Education denied collecting noncognitive data; now it celebrates doing so (and, indirectly, federalizes curriculum, too)—all under the umbrella of "compelling state interest."

Noncognitive questions are carefully inserted into assessments (formerly called tests) so as to "avoid the appearance" of a nationalized curriculum, just as the 1969 and 1981 documents advised. Scores are based primarily on knee-jerk responses, not facts. For example, in May 2004, a 194-question survey, given to 11th-graders at University/Rincon High School (Tucson Unified School District) as part of an Advanced Placement U.S. history course, asked students to identify themselves using the following criteria:

—I consider myself outgoing and spontaneous.

—I consider myself basically quiet and shy.

—I consider myself able to persuade my peers that my opinion is correct.

—My parents feel they should make a significant contribution of time and energy to society.

—My family relationships are generally satisfying.

No single response to one of these options is likely to brand



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anyone. It is the totality of the responses—the trends—that produce a behavioral profile.

Most assessments ask about time spent with family members; use of tobacco, alcohol, and drugs by the student and family members; suicidal thoughts; and contraception. Such information can be especially revealing when it is cross-matched with responses from such computerized queries as the following (taken from an older version of the Metropolitan Achievement Test):

—Number/type of books in the home

—Receipt of a daily newspaper

—Number of parents (and others) in the home

—Time spent with friends (after school and evenings)

—Time spent watching television or videos

—Frequency of home computer use

—Frequency of discussing things studied at school with someone at home

A Nebraska Adolescent Health Survey created by the University of Nebraska asked high-school students whether they considered themselves "religious" and what they thought *about* when they thought of sex. Parents of students at Jefferson High School in San Antonio, Texas, were shocked when "assessments" revealed dozens of explicit sexual questions too offensive to reprint here (the terms *oral* and *anal* being the least repugnant). Other questionnaires involve the degree to which a pupil is attracted to persons of the same sex; whether the pupil cries a lot; if the student has trouble getting his "mind off certain thoughts"; and a list of "worries"—among them, "Dad hitting Mom." Suppose Junior was angry with his father that morning; he might well check the highest rating ("very much") on "Dad hitting Mom"—with life-altering results.

The only "testing" that is directly tied to teaching methodology is in noncognitive areas—which have as their goal modifying student viewpoints instead of demonstrating knowledge. Numerical codes linking assessments to curriculum in such subjects as sex and social studies sometimes are found right on the covers of the teachers' guides. Social studies may include politically charged queries—on race, the United Nations, abortion, war. Academic knowledge is included, but it appears to be of secondary importance.

The Miller-McKeon proposal defends the "unique student identifier" to ensure privacy. These have, in fact, been around for decades. Identification schemes have run the gamut from bar codes, to birthdates linked to class hour, to color-coded sticky labels—all aimed at deceiving the child into believing that assessment responses are anonymous.

Since Columbine, every attempt is being made to link child-supplied personal data to everything from a parent's financial information to health records; after all, the "dangerous" kids need to be ferreted out. Thus, educators say it is essential for psychologists to "get into a pupil's belief system" and screen for evidence of aberration. The new indicators for deviancy, however, may surprise you; *maverick* and *religious* are just two of the red flags signaling a "troubled pupil."

In 2004, the House Appropriations Committee approved $20 million in new federal funds to begin a nationwide implementation of President Bush's "New Freedom Initiative"—a plan to screen the entire U.S. population, beginning with schoolchildren, for mental illness and to provide a continuum of "services" for those identified as mentally ill or even "at risk" of becoming so. Under the plan, schools will become hubs of a mass project for screening first children, then their teachers and parents. Do Representatives Miller and McKeon realize their proposal will help the New Freedom Initiative "go national"? Are they aware that expanded involuntary-commitment laws carry political implications?

***Since Columbine, every attempt is being made to link child-supplied personal data to everything from a parent's financial information to health records; after all, the "dangerous" kids need to be ferreted out. Thus, educators say it is essential for psychologists to "get into a pupil's belief system" and screen for evidence of aberration.***

School officials have long known that student data are not anonymous and are disclosed on a "need to know" basis. Who needs to know? Maybe nobody—unless a child (or his parent) runs for election, offends some politically correct group, or sits on a controversial committee. Meanwhile, the volume and complexity of computerized data collection continues to evolve. Fledgling projects such as the Integrated Postsecondary Education Data System constantly enhance and replace existing ones. (A feasibility study for an IPEDS-like student-unit record-collection system was submitted to Congress in February 2005.)

Stopgaps such as the Miller-McKeon draft are typically written in a vacuum. Congressional staffers, usually young and relatively inexperienced, do not know enough to provide substantial background information for their elected bosses. Consequently, even the best-intentioned legislators lay the groundwork for something very few people want. Once enacted, legislation may get enhanced, but it is rarely reversed.

Despite the glut of articles on data mining that have appeared since September 11, there is still scant awareness of just how much private—and traceable—information is available. One can catch a glimpse of the future on C-SPAN, which routinely airs hearings in which prospective appointees are grilled for things they said decades ago, often when they were young.

The *status quo* means future administrations will find it easy to regulate and restrict liberties to which older generations were once accustomed. ©



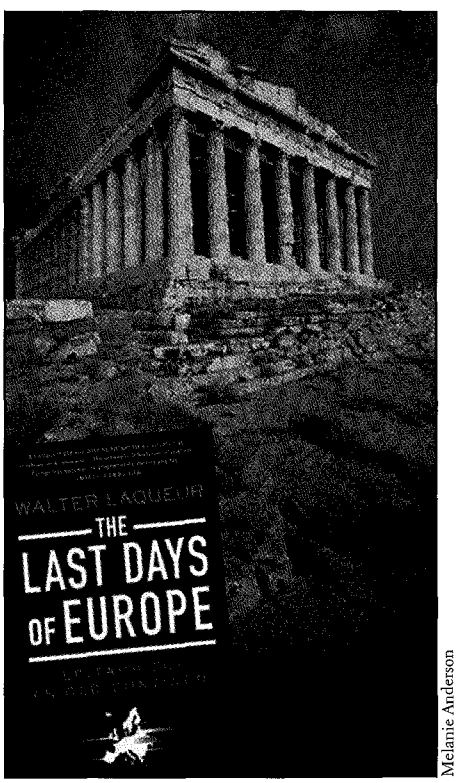
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Epicene Europa

**by Derek Turner**

*"Roll up the map of Europe; it will not be wanted these ten years."*
—William Pitt (1806)

**The Last Days of Europe: Epitaph for an Old Continent**
*by Walter Laqueur*
*New York: Thomas Dunne Books; 243 pp., $25.95*




Melanie Anderson

"Nothing," goes the Johnsonian cliché, "concentrates a man's mind more wonderfully than the prospect of being hanged." This very natural reaction may explain why a whole raft of intellectuals, journalists, and even politicians, none of whom was previously noted for his concern about immigration, have suddenly evinced an urgent interest in the subject. A growing number of conservatives have begun to realize that the Europe of the not-too-distant future may be much less European than they would like, while a growing number of liberals (in the positive, British sense of that word) have started to see that the Europe of the future may be much less free.

Following in the wake of Bat Ye'or, Oriana Fallaci, Mark Steyn, *et al.*, the latest in this roll call of late-flowering race realists is Walter Laqueur, up until now known chiefly for his highly regarded surveys of antisemitism and fascism, and of modern Russian, German, and Israeli history. Now in his 80's, the former Brandeis and Harvard professor and director of the Institute of Contemporary History is apparently still searching for new social phenomena to describe. Such mental agility is much to be admired in a man of his age. Laqueur's is obviously still in many respects a young mind, able to take new impressions from unpleasant but unignorable new data.

These data are indeed disconcerting. The indigenous peoples of the westernmost end of the Eurasian landmass are declining precipitously in numbers. What is more, their ancestral territories, in which they have built some of the world's most enduring and successful societies, are not simply being emptied of themselves but are being refilled by peoples from Africa and Asia, many of them Muslims. In house after house, street after street, suburb after suburb, city after city, country after country, the very specific populations who produced European civilization in its many forms are starting to be replaced. It is an entirely pacific phenomenon, but it is nonetheless definite. It is a collapse and a concurrent colonization—a rout rather than a Ragnarok of the civilization that once bestrode the earth and even reached out briefly to the stars.

To give the phenomenon a more concrete shape, let us examine some figures. According to U.N. and E.U. projections, France's population of 60 million will decline to 55 million by 2050 and to 43 million by 2100, but the proportion of ethnic Frenchmen and women will decline much more rapidly. The population of Germany, now 82 million, will become 61 million by 2050, and 32 million by 2100. The Ukraine is projected to lose 43 percent of her people by 2050; Bulgaria, 34 percent; Latvia and Lithuania, 25-27 percent. The figures are fragmentary and difficult to obtain, but Laqueur estimates that there are 5.5 million Muslims in France (double the number in 1980), 3.6 million in Germany (there were just 6,800 in 1961), 1.6 million in Britain, 1 million in the Netherlands (more than double the 1980 levels), 0.4 million in Sweden (triple the 1980 figure), 1 million in Spain, almost a million in Italy, and half a million in Greece—all of these populations having a much higher growth rate than that of their respective hosts. On top of these figures, Turkey looms in the future of the European Union with another 71 million people, whose addition would swell the E.U. Muslim quotient overnight from around 5 percent to around 15 percent—and Turkey's accession is being encouraged by such patriotic and intelligent statesmen as George W. Bush and former British prime minister Tony Blair. Beyond Turkey, the population of sub-Saharan Africa is set to double, while Iran's population is projected to grow by 44 percent. No doubt a goodly percentage of these will aspire to join their fellows already in the West.

*Derek Turner is the editor of the* Quarterly Review.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is little wonder that many observers are now prophesying that Europe just a few decades hence will be, at best, a kind of insignificant theme park or, at worst, a largely Muslim continent controlling the British and French nuclear arsenals.

Laqueur brings valuable qualities to his latest and arguably most urgent task. For a start, he has a formidable intellectual reputation, which of itself will help to make immigration restrictionism more credible. To this, he adds a dispassionate approach and attractively understated prose. Thus, "It is by no means obvious that racism is stronger now than it was fifty or a hundred years ago," and "social workers and the 'migration experts' did some good work . . . but on balance probably did more harm than good." He condemns airport searches of obvious non-Muslims as "public relations exercises." Of complaints from the European Union about "vitriolic attacks on asylum-seekers" in the media, he writes that they are

> usually nothing more than the identification by the news media of the often considerable part played by these immigrants in crimes that had been committed, with the stress on the identity of the perpetrators.

And Laqueur notes, laconically, that complaints about religiously motivated discrimination were few in number until the term *Islamophobia* was coined in 1998. There are plenty of quotable insights of this kind.

He also displays an essential empathy with the now interrelated plights of indigene and immigrant, all of whom have been thrust involuntarily into an awkward historical position that is likely to become much more awkward before it improves (presuming it *does* improve). He is disarmingly honest about the mistakes he has made in the past, such as when he allowed himself to believe (along with very many others) that the European Union was, or could be, a serious global counterbalance to the United States. Laqueur, at least, can see that, when it comes to global politics, all of Europe's querulous appeals to the "international community" and "human rights" are likely to be less effectual than good old-fashioned military might.

But perhaps most valuable of all to the immigration restrictionist cause are Laqueur's Jewish background and impeccable antifascist credentials. Unfortunately, in the postwar decades, opposition to mass immigration has often run in tandem with antisemitic conspiracy theories and authoritarian tendencies, as excitable, eccentric, or simply unpleasant persons filled the void left by the professional politicians' refusal to tackle this obvious problem. Laqueur's parents died in the holocaust, and it would have been understandable had he simply refused to listen to anti-immigration arguments at all on account of "where they might lead." That he has not done so speaks volumes for his commitment to truth—and for his realization that Christians (or post-Christians) and Jews are in this migration mess together. The plight of modern Europe, beset by Muslims from without and by decadence from within, is somewhat reminiscent of Israel's similarly precarious perch on the edge of a hostile landmass. If only postwar British political life had been characterized by such independent thinkers as Walter Laqueur, instead of conformists such as Tony Benn (who ranted that Enoch Powell's famous 1968 speech reminded him of "the flags that fluttered over Auschwitz and Belsen"), books like this might never need to have been written. He is a welcome recruit to our cause; many who would have never read Pat Buchanan will read Walter Laqueur.

Nevertheless, Laqueur's book is, in some respects, inferior to Buchanan's equally dispiriting but more detailed *Death of the West* and *State of Emergency*. (There are few statistics in Laqueur's book, although there is a seven-page bibliography that curiously omits Buchanan and several other obvious candidates for inclusion.) Buchanan has thought, written, and spoken about this subject for years and put himself to a great deal of trouble and unpleasantness in so doing. By this self-sacrificing standard, Walter-come-latelys must necessarily be seen at a disadvantage. But a man cannot choose when or how he receives his epiphanies, so it would be unfair to hold this against Professor Laqueur. That he has had an awakening is what matters.

Curiously for such a subtle historian, Laqueur scarcely interests himself in the ideological roots of the problem, whereas Buchanan cites chapter and verse regarding the Frankfurt School's disastrous influence on the culture of the West. Laqueur does talk about the effects of "bad conscience" stemming from the refusal of many European countries to give safe haven to Jews fleeing persecution in the 1930's, but, clearly, there is more to the matter than that.

On the other hand, Laqueur spends more time than does Buchanan in talking about the effects of the welfare state and of membership in the European Union—areas where he is clearly much more comfortable and at home than he is with the subject of immigration. These are, indeed, important contributory issues—it is worth knowing, for instance, that, while only 5 percent of residents of Denmark are Muslims, they account for 40 percent of the social-welfare outlay—but Laqueur arguably devotes too much space to them. The European Union and the welfare state are strictly epiphenomenal—like immigration itself. All are mere byproducts of a civilizational loss of will and self-reliance.

More worryingly, *The Last Days of Europe* includes relict traces of old and toxic thought patterns. Some of these may be the fault of typesetters—such as "firefighters" where Laqueur means *firemen*, and "white" in inverted commas (while *black* is not). But others are plainly his. The French police are sometimes "harsh" in tackling Muslim rioters, he says, although he has to admit such tactics can be effective. He thinks that Europe showed "disgraceful impotence" in Kosovo. He commends Nicolas Sarkozy for wanting to implement affirmative action—"It will have to be tried"—and Gerhard Schröder's government for making it easier for Turks to gain German citizenship. (Of course, the Germans should have encouraged the *Gastarbeiteren* to leave, saving themselves an annual expenditure of 100 million euros to promote integration, and a great deal of trouble.) Laqueur claims "That Europe will need immigrants from abroad goes without saying." He even appears to feel a little nostalgic for the vanished hard-left identity of inner-city districts of Berlin and Paris; it does not appear to have occurred to Walter Laqueur that such political attitudes have helped to cast down the walls of Europe. Judging from his website, he seems to admire the repellent Abbé Sieyès and applies the rabble-rouser's disingenuous "*J'ai vécu*" to his own life. Laqueur even says of those "who resent becoming strangers in their own homelands" that "perhaps they are wrong to react in this way"—but he does at least point out that they were never asked their opinion of, or even told about, these momentous changes.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laqueur also focuses fairly narrowly on Muslim immigration, although he does refer to black birthrate differentials and to the imbecilic hip-hop "culture," which encourages young black men to seek "respeck" when they would be better off listening in school. But what of the Chinese, to whom we have so kindly donated most of our industrial capacity and knowledge, and whom we are pleased to admit in enormous numbers? What of the burgeoning murderous "gangstas" of Western inner cities, whom at least one Labour minister admires for their "formidable entrepreneurial and leadership skills"? Although Islam is the most obvious and urgent element of the looming immigration disaster, it is just one element. And even the author's discussion of Islam does not cut very deep—although he does note in passing that it has special features that make it harder for Muslims to integrate. There is no suggestion that Western foreign policy might be helping to inflame Muslims. Nor does he reflect on the fact that the United States is almost as cavalier as the European Union when it comes to border control and national security. And was the United States really always the "melting-pot of races" he favors?

Laqueur predicts a turbulent future in which large-scale immigration is likely to continue—albeit possibly tempered by government initiatives such as Gordon Brown's vaunted "Britishness days"—in the absence of a possible "right-wing, reactionary backlash." (Mr. Laqueur has mixed feelings about such a prospect.) He thinks that more and more Europeans will seek to ingratiate themselves with Muslims, as the Mussulmen become political musclemen—taking their lead from the time-tarnished custom of *Taqi'a*, or dissimulation. This appeasement has already begun. Let us consider just a few examples from recent U.K. press headlines, which suggest that more and more of us are becoming moral Albanians.

Glasgow hospital employees have been instructed not to eat at their desks during Ramadan, and vending machines are to be temporarily removed from the premises. A Scottish bakery chain has "future-proofed" its new premises by including Muslim-style toilets—although they do not have any Muslim employees. Councils in London have told employees that they should not invite colleagues out to the pub after work, and that the assumption that everyone drinks alcohol is a kind of racism. Public libraries in London and Birmingham have bought books by the imprisoned preacher Abu Hamza, who lost his hands but (sadly) not his life trying to murder Russians, and by Muslim Brotherhood founder Hassan al-Banna (whose contributions to interfaith dialogue include "The kafirs are the henchmen of the Shaitaan . . . . The only language the kafirs respect is jihad"). Muslim supermarket check-out operators in one chain are to be allowed to refuse to handle alcoholic beverages. An admittedly puerile festival in Cornwall was censured for featuring cross-dressing, burqa-wearing participants with such names as Miss Sleptwithjudgeistan and Miss Reallyamanistan. A local vicar whined, "I cannot believe they thought people were going to laugh . . . No one would want to curtail freedom of speech but it's hard to differentiate this from downright bullying." It is hard to differentiate *this* response from downright toadying.

Equally contemptible scenes may be observed elsewhere in epicene Europe. In Germany, courts have ruled that Turks may beat their wives and dismissed complaints about noise by those unlucky enough to live close to mosques. The Italian supreme court recently confirmed that a lower court was correct to acquit a Muslim father and son who beat and imprisoned their daughter/sister because she had a non-Muslim friend. After all, intoned the court solemnly, "Her lifestyle did not conform to their culture." And so on, *ad tedium*, *ad nauseam*, almost *ad infinitum*. With bad decision after bad decision, mini-capitulation after mini-capitulation, Europeans are losing their grip on Europe. Too many modern Europeans are, as Oriana Fallaci expressed it so vigorously in *The Rage and the Pride*, "sh-tting in their pants" before the looming specter of Islam. No doubt if Osama bin Laden were to take over as prime minister from Gordon Brown, many Britons would suddenly realize that, in fact, they had always been devout Muslims.

There is a certain kind of person who is temperamentally drawn to decay and secretly enjoys the contemplation of disaster. Laqueur can, I believe, be acquitted of this vice, but his book may tend to demoralize the very people he, and we, want to steel against extinction. The great problem with this whole gloomy genre is that it may actually help direful prophecies become self-fulfilling. While Laqueur cannot be expected to come up with actual policies, it would have been helpful for him to have suggested clearer directions out of the morass. Instead, he offers "Many questions and no conclusive answers." His pointers are of the vaguest kind, and sometimes mere plaints.

Laqueur rejects natalist policies, pointing out that they do not have much history of success. He sets great store by education (although he does point out the paradox that many Islamic terrorists are well educated). He suggests financial rewards for immigrants, or those descended from immigrants, who make "any effort at all" in school. A respectable command of the national language should be a precondition for admittance into a country, Laqueur believes. He argues that more efforts should be made to attract skilled and positive-minded immigrants, as opposed to the present "policy" of admitting anyone who turns up. Yet the Asian millhands and Caribbean bus conductors who came to the United Kingdom in the 1950's were generally well disposed, even patriotic, while, whatever the first-generation immigrants' qualities might be, no one can predict how their children or grandchildren might turn out. And Laqueur engages in some wishful thinking of his own: "Even Muslim radicals may be compelled to oppose further immigration, for the more needy there are, the less the state will be able to help."

Yet, to adopt a more positive perspective on the fate of Europe, we cannot predict what will happen, as Walter Laqueur admits. He knows that projections can be wildly wrong, and that "Europe had been declared dead or dying countless times during the last two hundred years." There are many imponderables in politics, and the more diverse a society becomes, the more imponderables there are. The Western political climate has changed considerably since the events of September 11, 2001, and the media are filled with stories that they would never have dreamed of publishing on Septem-

News & Views *by Srdja Trifkovic*
www.ChroniclesMagazine.org



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber 10, 2001. A more nuanced approach to Islam by Western governments—fewer invasions of Muslim countries, and policies of divide-and-rule aimed at maximizing the differences between Sunni and Shia, and different Muslim nationalities—could yield benefits. Maybe insurgent Islam will disappear of its own volition, as Muslims become better educated, or better integrated, or simply seduced by Western decadence. (A counterargument would have it that Islam might be reinforced by that phenomenon, as Muslims in Europe witness at first hand the consequences of corporate apostasy.) If nationalist parties such as the Vlaams Belang or the Swiss People's Party continue their upward trajectories, sooner or later, the mainstream parties will have to be seen to do something to control immigration.

On the other hand, less optimistically, what will happen if, or when, a new generation of firebrand Muslim preachers, or a serious economic slump, or really effective "right-wing, reactionary" leadership comes along? What if the United States or Israel attacks Iran or Syria, and the violence spills back into Europe? What might happen if—when—more Islamic bombings (perhaps answered by deadly attacks on innocent Muslims) occur?

And if the worst comes to the worst, and a physical struggle for power within the borders of European countries should break out in a decade or two, as some Muslim hotheads want and some European strategists are now predicting, it should never be forgotten that there are still many tough and intelligent Westerners. At the moment, both their feelings and skills are unfocused, but they could at least potentially be channeled—and then, as the 19th-century British music-hall song put it, "We don't want to fight / But by Jingo if we do . . . " It would only take a relatively small number of Europeans to turn the tide.

The hour is late, and the situation is inherently perilous and unpredictable. The only thing of which we can be sure is that we all are living in increasingly interesting times. But the extinction of Europe prognosticated by Walter Laqueur and others just may be as premature as Francis Fukuyama's so-far-deferred "end of history." In any case, Laqueur offers a salutary reminder: "Decline offers challenges that ought to be taken up even if there is no certainty of success." In fact, it is nothing more or less than our duty to do so.

# The Skin of Their Teeth

**by Roger D. McGrath**

**Almost a Miracle: The American Victory in the War of Independence**
*by John Ferling*
*New York: Oxford University Press; 679 pp., $29.95*

John Ferling, professor emeritus from the University of West Georgia and author of several other books on politics and political figures in the Revolutionary and New Nation eras, has produced a work of mature scholarship that reflects a lifetime of study and lecturing and offers a highly readable and comprehensive military history of our War of Independence. Ferling knows his subject both generally and in depth, and communicates his knowledge to the reader with a facile pen and an eye for that which is significant. In nearly 600 pages of text, there is not a wasted line or a redundancy. I can fault him only for the few things he omitted—something inescapable when writing a one-volume study on a war that spanned nearly a decade and included battles on land and sea, large and small, conventional and irregular.

Although there is not much new information in this volume, Ferling's contribution is nonetheless significant. He synthesizes the best information from many individual monographs and primary documents; includes the British perspective, both strategic and tactical, on all battles and describes their officers and men in engaging and intimate detail; provides maps and battle descriptions that are geared to the general reader; and reveals the foibles, follies, corruption, and dereliction of duty on the part of both the British and the Americans, as well as their brilliance, courage, integrity, and perseverance. Most of all, Ferling discusses with thoroughness the many forays, skirmishes, and battles conducted in the South that are often treated perfunctorily or neglected by general histories having, as often is the case, a New England and New York bias. Ferling even argues that the course of the war in the South ultimately determined the outcome of the conflict. This may be a stretch, yet the argument is well reasoned and does not lack for evidence.

Ferling contends it was miraculous that the British did not crush the Americans rebels in 1776—David McCullough says the same thing in his superb *1776*—and that the New England colonies, or, by then, states, were essentially independent by 1778. From then on, the war was fought in the Mid-Atlantic and Southern states. Ferling argues, as many others have, that an aggressive and decisive British general—William Howe was neither—and coordinated actions, North and South and on land and on sea, could have won the war for England during the first two years of battle. However, the British forces lacked unity of command and coordinated battle plans. This provided Washington the luxury of learning from his mistakes and emerging from Valley Forge, despite terrible suffering and losses, with a real army.

After Washington's glorious victory in the Battle of Monmouth in June 1778, the British decided on a Southern strategy aimed at Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. Ferling says that it was only by the narrowest of margins that they failed.

The South suffered terribly. While nearly every American can describe the Boston Massacre, where five Americans were killed by the British, few can describe the Waxhaw Massacre, where a hundred Americans were butchered after they had surrendered. The horrific slaughter began when a British force led by Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton overtook a retreating American force under the command of Col. Abraham Buford in the rolling hill country of the Waxhaw on the border of North and South Carolina. Tarleton's charging cavalry broke through the single American defensive line, hastily assembled by the brave but tactically inept Buford. Dozens of Americans were killed, and, hopelessly scattered and poorly led, those who remained alive threw up their arms in surrender and asked for quarter. Buford even waved a white flag. No matter. Tarleton's cavalrymen slashed their way through the Americans, hacking off limbs and heads. In his after-action report, Tarleton wrote, "I have cut 170 Offrs and Men to pieces." The Americans suffered a total of 260 casualties, 75 percent of their force. Tarleton was known from then on as "Bloody Ban" or "Butcher Tarleton," and "Tarleton's Quarter" became a rallying cry for American rebels.

Tarleton fought through to the end of the war, failing to capture Francis Mari-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on, his principal foe, contributing to the British victory at the Battle of Camden, and having his force nearly annihilated at the Battle of Cowpens. Tarleton was with Cornwallis at the surrender at Yorktown. When the formalities of the surrender were concluded, Washington invited all the British officers except one to join him and his American officers to dine together. The one exception was Banastre Tarleton. Ferling, who is not particularly harsh in his treatment of Tarleton, does not mention this fact.

The Waxhaw Massacre did much to rally the South and directly inspired Americans at the Battle of Kings Mountain. The British knew that the trans-Appalachian country was full of rebels, and Maj. Patrick Ferguson issued an edict calling for the frontiersmen to lay down their arms or he would "march over the mountains, hang their leader, and lay their country waste with fire and sword." This did nothing but inflame rebel militia leaders with the surnames Campbell, Clarke, McDowell, Sevier, Williams, Shelby, McKessack, and Winston, defiant Scotch-Irishmen who bent the knee to no man. Six-foot-six and red-haired William Campbell, Patrick Henry's brother-in-law, was chosen commander of the frontier force. He decided that if anyone were to "march over the mountains," it would be he and his boys—and on they came with a suddenness that surprised Ferguson.

Instead of advancing, Ferguson now took up a defensive position atop King's Mountain. He had more than a thousand well-armed men, all Loyalists. The frontiersmen, some 900 strong, let out a whoop and came up the mountain, firing and then hiding behind rocks and trees to reload. Their advance never slowed, even though Ferguson sent his men into the rebels with bayonet charges. The rifle fire of the frontiersmen was stunningly accurate and deadly. Finally, Ferguson himself, astride a horse, was riddled with rebel bullets and toppled to the ground, dead. Loyalists threw down their arms and pleaded for mercy. The frontiersmen responded by yelling, "Tarleton's Quarter!" and continued to fire until their officers put an end to the slaughter. Ferguson's force suffered 320 casualties. The frontiersmen lost 90 killed or wounded. Theodore Roosevelt, in *The Winning of the West*, called the battle "the turning point of the war." His assertion is open to debate, but the battle certainly was the turning point of the war in the South.

While many histories written by those in academe today are more politically correct than accurate, Ferling's work only occasionally diverges from the straight scoop. He discusses black participation in the war but does not exaggerate the role of blacks. It has become *de rigueur* in the academy, and in newspapers and magazines, to say that blacks made up 20 percent or more of the rebel forces. How such nonsense is perpetuated is beyond me. Ferling notes that

> the number of African Americans serving before 1778 remained small, likely no more than a few score. Their numbers increased dramatically during the last couple of years of the war to about 5% in the Continental Army but remained negligible in the state militias.

Ferling does say that blacks could possibly have made up ten percent of the Continental Army in the final days, but admits this is speculation and offers no evidence.

Although Ferling spends several pages focusing on blacks among the rebel soldiers, he curiously gives only a few lines of text to the Irish. Yet they are lines that seem to demand pages of discussion. "The army boasted a 'German Battalion,'" says Ferling,

> and almost 50 percent of the men in some Pennsylvania regiments were Irish immigrants. In 1779, Joseph Galloway told Parliament, "about one-half of the Rebel Army was Irish." While he exaggerated, he correctly discerned that many Continental soldiers were what Private Martin derisively called "lowbred Europeans, especially Irishmen."

That is all that Ferling says about the Irish, although they outnumbered blacks by at least six or seven to one in the Continental Army and probably ten to one overall.

More disturbing is Ferling's omission of two of the war's greatest heroes, John Barry and Timothy Murphy, both, perhaps not coincidentally, Irish. Born in County Wexford, Barry became known as the "Father of the Navy." An imposing figure who stood 6'4", he first led American Marines on land in several battles while waiting for the ships that he would command, *Lexington* and then *Alliance*, to be built. Among his feats at sea were the capture of two British warships and the sinking of several smaller armed British ships, and the defeat of the British in the final action at sea, the Battle of Cape Canaveral. When the United States Navy was organized, Barry became her first commanding officer and was given Commission Number One.

Timothy Murphy could be called the "Man Who Won the War." Born in Pennsylvania to parents who had emigrated from County Donegal, Murphy was a frontier marksman second to none. At 250 yards, he could blow a seven-inch target to shreds. At the Second Battle of Saratoga (aka the Battle of Bemis Heights), Murphy fired incredibly long shots that killed two British commanders, Gen. Simon Fraser and Sir Francis Clerke, and caused the British, in complete disarray, to flee the field of battle. This victory convinced the French, whose aid was critical, to join the American cause. Murphy continued to serve with distinction until the end of the war. In 1929, when the state of New York erected a monument to Murphy, Gov. Franklin Roosevelt declared:

> This country has been made by Timothy Murphys, the men in the ranks. Conditions here called for the qualities of the heart and head

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Tim Murphy had in abundance. Our histories should tell us more of the men in the ranks, for it was to them, more than to the generals, that we were indebted for our military victories.

Throughout *Almost a Miracle,* Ferling strives to tell the story of the men in the ranks. Although he devotes a good deal of attention to the Second Battle of Saratoga, he fails to mention Timothy Murphy, saying only that the commanding British officers were shot by American "snipers."

The omissions of Timothy Murphy and of John Barry are glaring. Nonetheless, unless one's Gaelic blood is boiling, these are small quibbles with a finely crafted, fluidly written, and thoroughly documented military history of the American War of Independence. A one-volume study could not be much better.

*Corresponding editor Roger D. McGrath is the author of* Gunfighters, Highwaymen, and Vigilantes.

# The Strange Case of the Missing Constitution

**by Clyde Wilson**

**The Politically Incorrect Guide to the Constitution**
*by Kevin R.C. Gutzman*
*Washington, D.C.: Regnery Publishing; 258 pp., $19.95*

**Redeeming American Democracy: Lessons From the Confederate Constitution**
*by Marshall L. DeRosa*
*Gretna, LA: Pelican Publishing Co.; 192 pp., $19.95*

◆

Some acute scholar of future times, should there ever be such, will perhaps ponder over the very strange career of the United States Constitution—how it came, without changing a word, to be understood almost universally to mean things it did not mean and to be used for purposes other than, and sometimes the opposite of, what it intended.

Even its name was changed in the process. It refers to itself as "this Constitution *for* the United States of America" (emphasis mine)—that is, an instrument for the "common defense" and "general welfare" of those states in their joint capacity. But now we have a Constitution *of* rather than a Constitution *for*. This change of name is not unrelated to its alteration from a covenant among the governed to a grant of divine right to the rulers.

Consider this: Pundits and judges present us with the *Federalist* as the supreme resource for interpreting our Constitution. But that set of speculative essays has only very marginal weight as an authority. It is a partisan polemic by three men belonging to the defeated centralist party in the Philadelphia Convention. At least one of those men, Hamilton, acted in bad faith, reassuring the public that the new Constitution involved no threat of centralized power and, after it was adopted, conspiring tirelessly to twist it so as to achieve that centralized power.

The judges and pundits also call upon the debates in the Philadelphia Convention to understand the powers that the Constitution gives to government. But consider this simple truth: The Philadelphia Convention had no constitutional power whatsoever. It was a meeting of the states to prepare a draft—a draft that the people of the states could accept or reject. (Set aside that the savants of federal power go badly wrong by distorting or misunderstanding the context of that convention and often cite as binding interpretations that were discussed but actually voted down there.) Americans now believe that a group of supremely wise Founding Fathers gathered together and bestowed upon us the gift of a wonderful government. What happened to the people in this fairy tale of benevolent philosopher-kings?

The peoples of the states did eventually agree to the draft, but only after several states had stated a right to withdraw from the contract and defining alterations were promised—alterations that were capped off by that odd nullity the Tenth Amendment, which expressly limits the federal government to plainly stated specific activities which have been delegated to it by the sovereign states. Neither the convention nor the *Federalist* involves the people, the presumed authority in establishing this government. Madison himself got it right in one of his more lucid moments: The basis for interpreting the Constitution must lie in the proceedings of the states in ratifying, because there it received "all the validity which it possesses." It should mean what those who established it say it means. From that standpoint, what it means is pretty clear, and the people are not replaced by some mystical wisdom of founding demigods or by the self-interested distortions concocted by lawyers and judges. In other words, the real Constitution is the one that was ratified and amended, not the one discussed by "Publius."

Finally, this means that the sovereign people of a state are *the* authority on the Constitution. But that all died when Lincoln announced that the peoples of 13 states in sovereign convention assembled were merely bandits and lawbreakers to be put down by force. The true will of the people, in his assertion, was that expressed by the political party that had put him in power and which could choose for itself who were the "people." Nationalism, a potent blend of profit-seeking and emotion, overcame constitutional government. Professor DeRosa reminds us that nationalism generally results not in the liberation of peoples but in the empowerment of rulers.

The subject could easily fill ten volumes, but all that our imagined future scholar will really need are these two books, which lay out the story as clearly and well as ever has been done or is likely to be. As Gutzman shows freshly and knowledgeably, a major part of the tale involves a long trail of blatant perversions of meaning by federal judges before and long after Lincoln. Once it was accepted that the Constitution was to be interpreted finally within a chain of case law in the special custody of judges, the game was over.

The history of the War of Southern Independence at this day is smothered in false assumptions by people who know nothing—rather, who know less than nothing, because what they know is wrong. It takes rare learning and some courage to deal with that period truthfully, as Professor DeRosa has done. The framers of the Confederate Constitution had no quarrel with the Constitution *for* the United States, only with the distortions that had accrued since their fathers and grandfathers had established it. The corrections that they made in the constitution for their new union offer much food for thought for our own times.

Consider this: The Confederates provided for a line-item veto of appropriations, that all laws must embody only one subject which was to be stated honestly in the title, that no "bounties" could



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be granted to individuals and corporations, and that federal judges and bureaucrats could be impeached by the states in which they functioned; allowed the constitution-amending process to be initiated by any three states (rather than Congress); narrowly defined the commerce clause; required a two-thirds vote of Congress to pass certain taxation and spending measures; and made a one-term president, who would thus be the constitutional statesman intended rather than a party man buying support for his reelection.

Would not such a constitution be a stronger bulwark against imperialism and more likely to redeem democracy than what we have now?

DeRosa sheds new light not only on the Confederate Constitution, but also on the jurisprudence of the 1850's and on that of the Confederacy, which, despite its life-and-death struggle, embodied a true adherence to the "rule of law," as the author puts it, instead of the "rule by law" under which we live. *Redeeming American Democracy* also exhibits how the centralizers of supranational governments and NGOs in Europe and America are now pursuing power by the same tactics of usurpations and perversions of law that destroyed "the rule of law" for the United States. Our only hope is a return to genuine constitutional government through limitations on the rulers.

Read these two learned and lucid books. I dare say you will be a better citizen for the experience.

*Clyde Wilson has edited the constitutional writings of St. George Tucker, John Taylor of Caroline, and John C. Calhoun.*

# Horsemen, Draw Nigh!

**by Herbert Arthur Scott Trask**

**Nemesis: The Last Days of the American Republic**
*by Chalmers Johnson*
*New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 354 pp., $26.00*

◆

The title of Chalmers Johnson's latest book, the last in his trilogy of empire, invokes the Greek goddess of retribution. He named the first book in his trilogy after the CIA term for the harmful unintended consequences that sometimes result from the agency's covert policies. "Blowback," he wrote, "is but another way of saying that a nation reaps what it sows," which is but another way of saying that there is a moral order in the world that men violate at their peril; that justice may be delayed but is nonetheless certain. In *Blowback: The Costs and Consequences of American Empire* (2000), which he finished writing in the summer of 1999, Johnson warned:

> The innocent of the twenty-first century are going to harvest unexpected blowback disasters from the imperialist escapades of recent decades. Although most Americans may be largely ignorant of what was, and still is, being done in their name, all are likely to pay a steep price—individually and collectively—for their nation's continued efforts to dominate the global scene.

The book went unnoticed before September 11. Now, Chalmers Johnson has been on C-SPAN and interviewed by NPR, but anyone who believes he is being read, and heeded, by large numbers of Americans, especially among the leadership class, should consider the fate of the Trojan prophetess Cassandra, to whom Apollo gave the gift of prophecy but later, in a fit of pique, decreed that she should never be believed.

Johnson is aware of the inefficacy of unwelcome truth. He observed in the second volume of his trilogy, *Sorrows of Empire: Militarism, Secrecy and the End of the Republic* (2004), that "most Americans do not recognize—or do not want to recognize—that [their nation] dominates the world through its military power." They prefer comforting illusions of innocence and Davidic revenge.

Thomas Jefferson's metaphorical "empire of liberty" aside, *empire* is defined as the rule or domination of subject peoples by another nation. That power can be exercised in many ways, but the essence remains the same. There have been imperial republics: Athens after the Persian Wars; Rome before Caesar; Great Britain up to the middle of the 20th century; the United States since 1945. There have been imperial autocracies, such as Napoleonic France and Augustan Rome.

Johnson argues that the United States has been an "empire of bases." According to the 2002 Base Structure Report, 725 of these existed in 38 countries. The 2004 report lists 737. Not included are secret military bases (*e.g.*, in Israel), nonsecret bases in countries whose rulers prefer minimum publicity, recently constructed bases, listening outposts for communications intelligence (often disguised), and secret prisons and interrogation centers operated by the CIA. Johnson concludes that the real number must be over a thousand. They serve, he believes, five purposes: imperial policing and force projection; electronic spying; petroleum security; profit-making for military contractors and the arms industry; and colonial comfort for the officer class. Remarkably, the list bears no relation to the professed aims of American policymakers—spreading democracy, securing the homeland—which he regards as pure political fictions. If the federal government is defending the homeland, then why are the southern borders a sieve?

*Blowback* remains essential reading because it reveals how President George W. Bush's unilateral belligerency, however recklessly and ineptly executed, represents not a departure from, but an intensification of, the policy of imperial military expansion pursued by his two predecessors. Ostensibly, Clinton intervened in the Balkans to halt ethnic cleansing; in reality, he did so to guard the proposed AMBO (Albanian-Macedonian-Bulgarian) trans-Balkan pipeline with new permanent bases, including Camp Bondsteel in Kosovo, built by the military contractor KBR. He also fired cruise missiles into a Sudanese pharmaceutical plant (1998), bombed Belgrade (1999), and refused to sign the international treaty banning land mines (1997).

It was not Condoleezza Rice but Madeleine Albright who boasted in 1998 that, "if we have to use force, it is because we are America. We are the indispensable nation. We stand tall. We see farther into the future." And anyone who believes that the election of a Democrat in 2008 will lead to a prudential retreat from any part of the world should recall Secretary of Defense William Cohen's declaration in 1997 that the United States will keep armed forces in Korea even after the reunification of the country.

Officially, President Bush invaded Iraq to topple a dictator who threatened the American homeland. Johnson offers another explanation: The thing was done because it could be done. The empire has become self-perpetuating and self-justifying, not a means to an end, but an



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end in itself. It exists only for the sake of its builders, suppliers, administrators, and enforcers. Albright's infamous question to General Powell in the early 90's—"What's the point of having this superb military that you're always talking about if we can't use it?"—sums up the situation nicely, as does Hannah Arendt's insight that "the central political idea of imperialism is expansion." One intervention leads to another, and failure serves just as well as, or even better than, success; retaliatory blowback and resentment are as rewarding as the offer of basing rights or the expression of gratitude, for the reason that it justifies more spending, more intervention, and more war. And the American public pays the price—in interest payments on an expanding national debt; in a progressive loss of liberty at home as imperial interventions generate retaliation and render them less secure; in a chronic state of fear; and in a neglect of pressing domestic needs.

Johnson charges that the government hides the true cost of its imperial establishment. He believes the real amount is nearly double the official defense budget. In a follow-up essay, he cites figures put together by Robert Higgs of the Independent Institute. For Fiscal Year 2006, the Department of Defense spent $499.4 billion. Higgs adds the State Department's foreign military aid program, $25.3 billion; the Department of Energy's nuclear program, $16.6 billion; Veterans' Affairs, $69.8 billion; Homeland Security, $69.1 billion; interest payments on past defense borrowing, $206.7 billion. Add various other defense-related programs and the total reaches $935 billion.

Johnson omits the cost of recapitalizing the Armed Forces (replacing worn out Bradleys and Apaches), which retired Gen. William Odom estimates at $400 billion for the Army alone. All these sums represent a vast squandering of national wealth, the equivalent of tossing thousands of gold bars into the ocean. Johnson rightly considers it military Keynesianism, and, while it creates jobs and enriches a few in the short term, it is bankrupting the country.

It is also subverting the republic. Black budgets, official secrecy, official lying, the unitary presidency, corporate funding of election campaigns (including the political contributions of defense contractors), the revolving door between corporation and state (which allows for the circulation of elites from the board room to the state room, and back again) are practices inimical to self-government. They continue because a corrupt political class is incapable of reforming itself, and the public is disengaged and inattentive. Johnson also blames a complicit corporate media and "the difficulties of mobilizing our large and diverse population." That is an indirect reference to immigration policy, which he otherwise ignores.

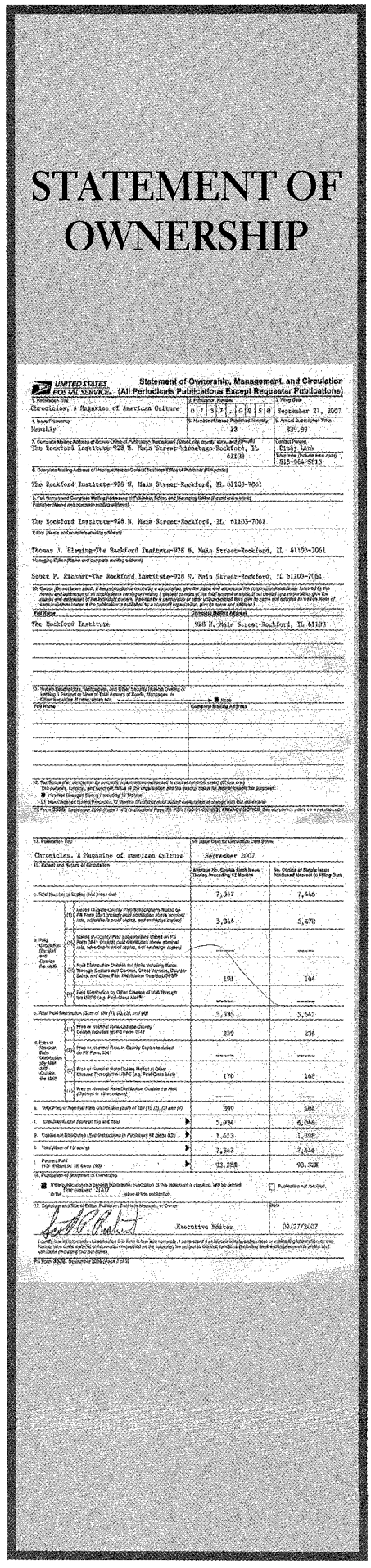
Imported diversity has proved a two-edged sword for the government. It has enriched the plutocracy by swelling the number of workers and consumers; and it has protected it by fracturing the body politic into a thousand antagonistic pieces. (How can there be a populist reaction without a people?) And it has deprived it of a united and spirited population willing to pay and fight for the empire.

That empire is now run according to the profit motive. Private contractors build and maintain the infrastructure, provide logistics, train foreign soldiers, and field armies of mercenaries. There are 50,000 such private warriors in Iraq alone. That infrastructure is funded by bond sales to rich investors. Johnson believes that this debt, coupled with chronic trade deficits, will eventually bring the empire down. Chronic ineptitude and arrogant folly only hasten that day. Smart leaders would have got out of Afghanistan in six months, and never have gone into Iraq. But where's the profit in such prudence?

For Johnson, the only question is whether the republic—understood as both a constitutional order of laws and a commonwealth—will outlast the empire. The danger is that the empire will persist, propped up by foreign investors and soldiers of fortune, long enough to wreck the republic and the country irredeemably.

The wars of the 21st century will be fought over land, living space, and limited resources (fresh water, forests, fertility), as overpopulation, overdevelopment, overconsumption, and overheating push the planet to the brink of apocalypse. Our best defense against its horsemen is good government, conservation, and sensible planning. Instead of industrial farms, family farms. Instead of coal, gas, and oil, nuclear, solar, and hydrogen plants. Instead of bases across Eurasia, bases along the Mexican border. Instead of mass immigration, an immigration moratorium. Instead of war, peace.

*Herbert Arthur Scott Trask continues to work on his* magnum opus, *a revisionist history of the Secession War.*


STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE. Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation (All Periodicals Publications Except Requester Publications)

1. Publication Title: Chronicles, A Magazine of American Culture
2. Publication Number: 0 7 5 7 - 0 0 5 0
3. Filing Date: September 27, 2007
4. Issue Frequency: Monthly
5. Number of Issues Published Annually: 12
6. Annual Subscription Price: $30.00
7. Complete Mailing Address of Known Office of Publication (Not printer): The Rockford Institute-928 N. Main Street-Rockford, IL 61103
Contact Person: Chris Lenk
Telephone (Include area code): 815-964-5813
8. Complete Mailing Address of Headquarters or General Business Office of Publisher (Not printer): The Rockford Institute-928 N. Main Street-Rockford, IL 61103-7061
9. Full Names and Complete Mailing Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor (Do not leave blank)
Publisher (Name and complete mailing address): The Rockford Institute-928 N. Main Street-Rockford, IL 61103-7061
Editor (Name and complete mailing address): Thomas J. Fleming-The Rockford Institute-928 N. Main Street-Rockford, IL 61103-7061
Managing Editor (Name and complete mailing address): Scott P. Richert-The Rockford Institute-928 N. Main Street-Rockford, IL 61103-7061
10. Owner (Do not leave blank. If the publication is owned by a corporation, give the name and address of the corporation immediately followed by the names and addresses of all stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, give the names and addresses of the individual owners. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, give its name and address as well as those of each individual owner. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, give its name and address.)
Full Name: The Rockford Institute
Complete Mailing Address: 928 N. Main Street-Rockford, IL 61103
11. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities. If none, check box. ■ None
Full Name / Complete Mailing Address
12. Tax Status (For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at nonprofit rates) (Check one)
The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for federal income tax purposes:
■ Has Not Changed During Preceding 12 Months
☐ Has Changed During Preceding 12 Months (Publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement)
PS Form 3526, September 2006 (Page 1 of 3) PRIVACY NOTICE: See our privacy policy on www.usps.com

| 13. Publication Title: Chronicles, A Magazine of American Culture | | 14. Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: September 2007 | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 15. Extent and Nature of Circulation | | Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months | No. Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date |
| a. Total Number of Copies (Net Press Run) | | 7,397 | 7,446 |
| b. Paid Circulation (By Mail and Outside the Mail) | (1) Mailed Outside-County Paid Subscriptions Stated on PS Form 3541 (Include paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies) | 3,346 | 5,478 |
| | (2) Mailed In-County Paid Subscriptions Stated on PS Form 3541 (Include paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies) | ——— | ——— |
| | (3) Paid Distribution Outside the Mails Including Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Paid Distribution Outside USPS® | 191 | 104 |
| | (4) Paid Distribution by Other Classes of Mail Through the USPS (e.g. First-Class Mail®) | ——— | ——— |
| c. Total Paid Distribution (Sum of 15b (1), (2), (3), and (4)) | | 3,536 | 5,582 |
| d. Free or Nominal Rate Distribution (By Mail and Outside the Mail) | (1) Free or Nominal Rate Outside-County Copies included on PS Form 3541 | 229 | 236 |
| | (2) Free or Nominal Rate In-County Copies included on PS Form 3541 | ——— | ——— |
| | (3) Free or Nominal Rate Copies Mailed at Other Classes Through the USPS (e.g. First-Class Mail) | 170 | 168 |
| | (4) Free or Nominal Rate Distribution Outside the Mail (Carriers or other means) | ——— | ——— |
| e. Total Free or Nominal Rate Distribution (Sum of 15d (1), (2), (3) and (4)) | | 399 | 404 |
| f. Total Distribution (Sum of 15c and 15e) | | 5,934 | 6,046 |
| g. Copies not Distributed (See Instructions to Publishers #4 (page #3)) | | 1,463 | 1,398 |
| h. Total (Sum of 15f and g) | | 7,397 | 7,446 |
| i. Percent Paid (15c divided by 15f times 100) | | 93.28% | 93.32% |

16. Publication of Statement of Ownership
■ Will be printed in the December 2007 issue of this publication. ☐ Publication not required.
17. Signature and Title of Editor, Publisher, Business Manager, or Owner: Executive Editor. Date: 09/27/2007
I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete. I understand that anyone who furnishes false or misleading information on this form or who omits material or information requested on the form may be subject to criminal sanctions (including fines and imprisonment) and/or civil sanctions (including civil penalties).
PS Form 3526, September 2006 (Page 2 of 3)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*by Scott P. Richert*

# Inside the Gates

Fr. Brian A.T. Bovee, the rector of Saint Mary's Oratory in Rockford, sometimes calls his church Santa Maria Inter Carceres—Saint Mary's Among the Jails. It's a (half-)joking reference to the oratory's location just to the west of the Public Safety Building, just to the east of the new Winnebago County Jail, and just to the north of Rockford's federal courthouse. The only Catholic church in downtown Rockford, Saint Mary's is one of the few nongovernmental buildings remaining in the southwestern quadrant of downtown, despite the efforts of some county-board members several years ago to seize the property to clear the way for the construction of the new jail.

Since the oratory is now surrounded on three sides, it's not immediately obvious that it sits on a high point in downtown, with the ground falling away fairly dramatically to the west and to the south toward Kent Creek, and more gently to the east toward the Rock River. Both the automobile and, paradoxically, the modern high-rise have flattened our sense of topography. Sometimes, the only way to get the lay of the land is to park the car and walk the streets, letting our shins and our heart and our lungs tell us which way the ground rises.

Saint Mary's is the second-oldest Catholic church in Rockford. The oldest, Saint James Protocathedral, is similarly situated just north of downtown, on the east side of the Rock River. Neither ended up where it is by accident. The tradition of building temples on rises is as old as, well, temples. Church spires and bell towers heighten the effect, and, throughout the river towns of the Midwest, the Catholic visitor can often find his way to Sunday Mass by simply driving to the river and looking up.

Rockford's downtown as a whole lies lower than some of the surrounding areas of the city, and heading north along the Rock River from Saint Mary's, the ground rises, forming a ridge along the western bank. Where that ridge reaches its peak in all directions stands St. Peter's Cathedral, the heart of the diocese of Rockford. Prominent throughout the year, it cannot be missed as fall slides inevitably into winter, and the surrounding trees shed their last leaves to reveal the light stone walls, vaulted stained-glass windows, and terracotta tile roof. Even arriving by car, the visitor to Saint Peter's knows that he has ascended the heights.

In an increasingly post-Christian society, churches play a less prominent role than in the past, and new church buildings are often built on the plains (as Rockford's largest Catholic church, Holy Family, is) or even in a hollow, designed to blend in with their surroundings (as is Saint Rita's, on the southeast side). But while Saint Mary's and Saint James and Saint Peter's may no longer serve as expressions of the aspirations of a significant portion of the population of Rockford, their positions of prominence allow them to act now as signs of contradiction—especially for Catholics who know that the Blessed Sacrament, the Body and Blood of Christ, is reserved therein.

In entrusting Saint Mary's to the administration of the Institute of Christ the King, Sovereign Priest, Bishop Thomas Doran was attempting to safeguard such a sign of contradiction. Failing for nearly 30 years as a parish, Saint Mary's has found new life as an oratory devoted to the celebration of the Traditional Latin Mass, and on the first Sunday of Advent 2007, the Institute celebrated its tenth anniversary at Saint Mary's.

While those of us on the oratory's rolls are deeply grateful for Bishop Doran's decision to allow the Latin Mass, it likely had as much to do with continuing to provide the Sacraments—Confession as well as Communion—to public officials who could benefit from such a sign of contradiction in their everyday routine. The commonwealth may no longer be Christian, but that doesn't mean that the Church should abandon the commonwealth. It's fashionable today to build churches "where the people are," abandoning the brick-and-stone buildings built to last centuries but stranded in older, struggling neighborhoods in favor of glorified pole barns in the suburbs that will collapse as soon as the vinyl-sided ranches around them do. What, though, about placing churches where the people should be? Christ Himself said that "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself." For Christians who believe in the Real Presence, those words have a physical as well as a spiritual meaning.

"I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, from whence help shall come to me. My help is from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." Drawn upward through the city toward the church, we continue to be drawn upward inside, especially in a church such as Saint Mary's, where the high altar remains, with the tabernacle centered upon it, holding the Body of Christ. Kneeling in His Presence, we look up to our salvation, and the words of the Psalmist still ring true: "To thee have I lifted up my eyes, who dwellest in heaven."

In traditional church architecture, the altar rail or iconostasis separates the nave from the sanctuary—the congregation, still mired in the things of this world, from Heaven. We kneel at the gates of Heaven to receive the Bread of Angels, and we return into the world to spread the light of Christ—and, God willing, to help draw others unto Him. When we knock down the rail and tear down the altar and place the tabernacle in a corner, out of sight and out of mind, we haven't, as we might think, destroyed the barriers that separate us from God; we've simply removed the Presence of Christ and of Heaven from our lives. We've rid the interior of our churches of any sign of contradiction, just as we rid our cities of such signs by razing the churches themselves.

"He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." Small wonder, then, that the darkness presses in, and the barbarians are inside the gates. After all, we're in our churches, too.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## ESSENTIAL READING ON THE MIDDLE EAST CONFLICT

# Peace in the Promised Land

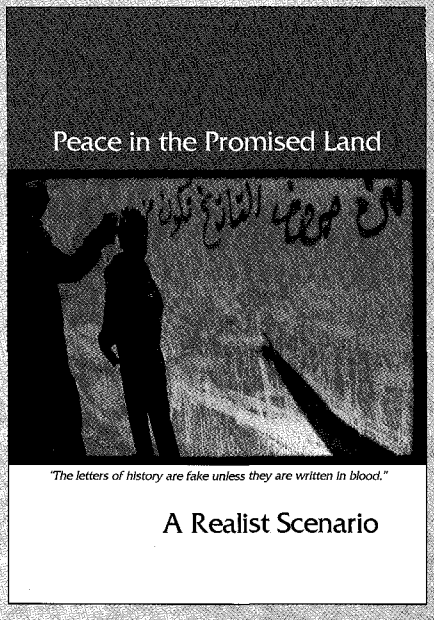
## A Realist Scenario

**The purpose of this book is to rekindle debate in the United States about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. . . . It is not normal that the discourse on the dispute is far more dynamic, varied, and intelligent in other countries—including Israel—than in America.**

**—From the Foreword**

Few issues in American foreign policy evoke more emotion than U.S support for Israel. With the "War on Terror" raging and insurgent Islam on the rise, we must reconsider the question, "What is the American interest in the conflict between Israel and the Palestinians?"

*Peace in the Promised Land* is essential reading for anyone who wants to move beyond sound bites and policy proposals to understand the roots of the conflict—and the role that the United States can play in its resolution.




Includes color maps, source documents, and a selected bibliography

**CONTRIBUTORS:**

Thomas Fleming
Michael Stenton
Leon Hadar
Srdja Trifkovic
Aaron D. Wolf
Paul Gottfried
Wayne Allensworth
David A. Hartman
Doug Bandow
Stephen B. Presser
Ivan Eland

## *Peace in the Promised Land* Order Form (please allow 6 weeks for delivery)

Softcover Price $34.95
($29.95 + $5.00 shipping and handling each)

X Quantity _____

Total _____

Please mail form (with payment) to:
Chronicles/Products
P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054

or, to order toll-free,
call 1-800-397-8160

PEAC

PEAC

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed

☐ Please bill my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Amex ☐ Discover

Card # _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Letter From Burma

**by Jeffrey Meyers**

## The Lady Vanishes

◆

In September 2000, I went to Burma to see the places where George Orwell had worked as a policeman in the 1920's. As I planned my trip, I fantasized about meeting the brave and beautiful Suu Kyi, daughter of the national hero, Aung San, who was assassinated by a rival political faction in 1947. Her party had won the national elections in 1990, and she was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize the following year. But the ruling military junta had not allowed her party to take power and had put her under house arrest. Temporarily released in 1995, but still restricted in her movements, she remained an idealistic, democratic alternative to the repressive regime.

Shortly before I left home, the American attaché, who had invited me to give a talk at the embassy's cultural center, asked if I would like to meet "a certain Lady." She was expected for tea at his house only a few hours after my arrival in Rangoon. I could hardly believe my luck, but I was soon disappointed. The day before I got there, Suu Kyi had decided to test the limits of her freedom. She drove to a political meeting south of the Rangoon River and was blockaded in her car by the police. The European Union and the United States government, which had placed economic sanctions on Burma, both protested her detention but could not obtain her release. The situation kept our embassy busy fielding calls from Washington and from Western reporters, who were urgently trying to find out what had happened to her. Meanwhile, the American *chargé d'affaires* and the British ambassador were making strenuous efforts to reach and rescue her.

Our broken date brought home to me the nature of her courage and the everyday hardship of living under a military dictatorship. Supposing she was still in town, I asked my friend, would it be possible for her to attend my talk? "Not if you want an audience," he replied. "If she entered the room, everyone else, afraid of being publicly associated with her, would immediately rush out." I could not mention my near meeting to anyone I met, especially not to the lively audience of students, teachers, and writers at the cultural center. After I said that I had visited Insein prison, where Orwell was stationed and had witnessed a hanging, a few people in the audience told me that they had spent years in that prison. One doctor, who'd had tuberculosis, was released only because her jailors feared she would die there. The crisis that followed Suu Kyi's detention haunted my stay in Burma.

In Rangoon, I immediately got into a fascinating muddle that involved her. At the airport in Kuala Lumpur, I'd met a young Burmese couple, living in Australia, who were coming home to visit relatives. They came to my hotel to show me the sights, such as they were, and took an interest in my quest for Orwell. At the end of an expedition to an oil refinery in Syriam, which Orwell's policemen once guarded, they dropped me off near the Strand Hotel to cross the river to Twante, where he had also worked. By taking me to the jetty and telling me that Twante was on the other side of the river, they were politely saying: "We can't take you to Twante by car. Go there by yourself, if you can get across." They claimed I could see Twante, which they maintained had absolutely no interest, from our side of the river, and refused to accept my statement that Twante was in fact ten miles distant from the opposite side.

A policeman told them that I couldn't cross the river, and they told me the passenger ferry was "unsafe for foreigners." When I tried to hire one of the small private boats at the dock, they were horrified and said that would be even more dangerous. The real reason why I couldn't go—which I knew but they didn't know I knew, and I didn't know if they really knew (the subject was unmentionable)—was the police blockade of Suu Kyi, which was right on the road I wanted to take.

A young Burmese I knew in America had given me an introduction to a retired army officer, who I assumed was aligned with the repressive regime, and asked me to deliver a packet of letters and family photos. When I called his home, I was told that he'd taken his sick daughter to a doctor in Prome, north of Rangoon. Misunderstanding the word, I thought this was a feeble excuse. "Rome" seemed a very long way to take a patient. Only when I insisted that someone come and pick up the packet did another daughter agree to meet me. I didn't discover the reason for their reluctance until I returned to America. The officer had been elected to parliament with Suu Kyi's party in 1990 and believed, when the secret police were working overtime, that meeting me would put us both in danger.

The Lady remained blockaded in her car for nine days. I then lectured on a cruise ship up the monsoon-swollen Irrawaddy, from Mandalay to Katha, the setting of Orwell's *Burmese Days*. After the voyage, I went south by road to Moulmein, the scene of his "Shooting an Elephant." When I returned to Rangoon, the Lady had once again been placed under house arrest. As I drove by, I could see that University Avenue, where she lived, was blocked at both ends. I left my biography of Orwell, a present for Suu Kyi, and one of her books, which I'd smuggled in under a false cover, with our mutual friend at the embassy and never expected to hear anything more about them. But she sent word that she liked my Orwell. Two years later, her book suddenly arrived in California with the poignant inscription: "To Jeffrey Meyers, Hoping to see you again in a happier Burma, Suu Kyi." I was most grateful for "again" and deeply moved by her hope for a freer and more prosperous country.

It is hard for Americans, who have the freedom to think as they like and associate with whom they please, to imagine the sacrifice Suu Kyi has made—she was unable to see her husband before he died and had not seen her sons for more than a decade—and the constricted, imprisoned lives of the Burmese. Orwell suffered agonies of guilt over his role in policing an outpost of empire. It is cruelly ironic that the Burmese have replaced British colonial rule with an infinitely more brutal government.

*Jeffrey Meyers is a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. His life of Samuel Johnson will appear in 2008, and he is now writing a biography of Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

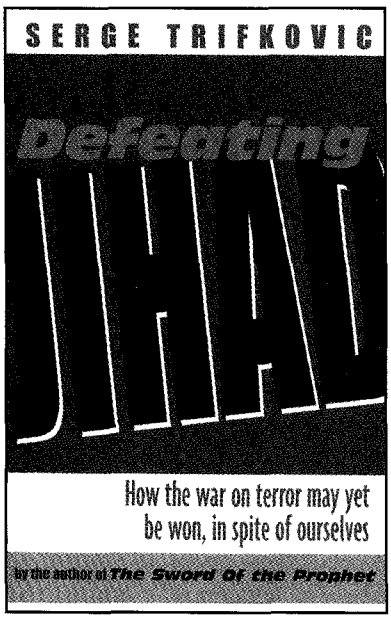
New from the author of *The Sword of the Prophet*

"The victory will come not by conquering Mecca for America but by disengaging America from Mecca and by excluding Mecca from America. Eliminating the risk is impossible. Managing it wisely, resolutely, and permanently is something attainable."

# Defeating Jihad

by Srdja Trifkovic

## How the War on Terror May Yet Be Won, In Spite of Ourselves


SERGE TRIFKOVIC
Defeating
JIHAD
How the war on terror may yet be won, in spite of ourselves
by the author of The Sword Of the Prophet

"Trifkovic outlines a comprehensive new strategy to defend the West against an enemy that increasingly threatens us from within. The first step . . . is to stop misidentifying the struggle we are in as a 'War on Terrorism'—a phrase that confuses the enemy's preferred technique (terrorism) with the enemy himself (resurgent Islam). Islamic terrorism—that used by Muslims in pursuit of objectives inspired by Islamic teaching, tradition and historical practice—is a global phenomenon requiring a coordinated global response. Yet Trifkovic . . . argues against more military interventions abroad in favor of measures designed to keep us safe at home."

**—Jeffrey Rubin, editor, Conservative Book Club**

## Defeating Jihad Order Form (please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery)

DEFE

Softcover Price $27.95
($22.95 + $5.00 shipping and handling each)

X Quantity _____

Total _____

Please mail form (with payment) to:
Chronicles/Products
P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054

or, to order toll-free,
call 1-800-397-8160

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed

☐ Please bill my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Amex ☐ Discover

Card # _____

Expiration Date _____

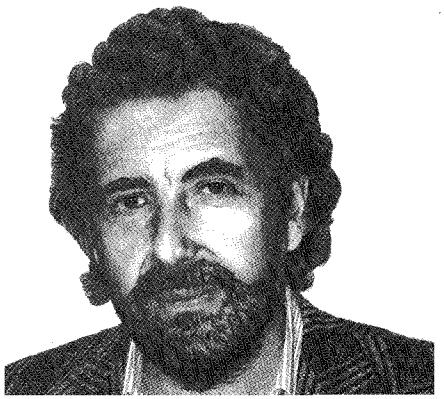
Signature _____

DEFE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*by Andrei Navrozov*

# A Pair of Charmers



There are two archetypes of the charming idler. One, rather like myself, is likely to be unemployed *de métier*. The other drifts in and out of employment, trading on social connections, borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, pandering, dealing cocaine, walking dogs, selling Impressionist pictures, joining the Foreign Legion, working on a *perpetuum* mobile, discovering America. One shies away from moneymaking as though it were more dismal than direst poverty, and is apparently less disposed to suffer the rigors of compromise than the pangs of embarrassment, to say nothing of ordinary hunger. The other plays with remunerative labor as though it were a toy, exciting when new but quickly lost, forgotten, or broken, without bothering to formulate an ideological taboo or to come up with an explicative doctrine.

My great-great-uncle was a very pure version of the first type—so pure, in fact, that he ever ranges through my mind as a kind of urban myth or improbable invention, a six-foot alligator on the prowl in the sewers or a twin-engine aircraft that folds into one's pocket. Uncle Serge spent his entire life in a café in Warsaw, where he died a happy exile just before the Great War. He had inherited some money, but only a little, just enough to sit all day long in that café of his. He did not want to do anything except to watch the world go by, and he never did. In the morning, he would dress, wax his mustache, insert a fresh buttonhole in his coat, and make way to his usual table as the doors opened. Then he would stay there, glance at the newspapers, play the occasional game of cards or chess, have a drink or a coffee, consider the prospect of lunch, or yield to the temptation of dinner. When the café shut for the night, he went home to sleep.

As I say, Uncle Serge's was a very pure case. His extreme idleness was really a vocation, a metropolitan form of lay monasticism. Naturally, he had no more time for women than he had for friends, for books, or, for that matter, for skiing or yachting, if only because he had no resources whatsoever to spare and only a hard and narrow bed, in what must have been a suitably cloistral cell of a cheap boarding house, to sleep in. Yet his obsession with that café of his did not fall short of the much-sung ideal of love and loyalty that is believed to reverberate in the heart of every desirable woman. Had it turned itself upon an animate subject, it might have given the world another Aida.

If Uncle Serge is a specimen of settled indolence, my close friend Alec is an almost pharmaceutically refined sample of the other species of idler, which may be called the nomad. There have been times when I wanted to write a full-length biography of him, complete with childhood joys and the later disappointments of adolescence, entitled *Things I Never Owned but Tried to Sell and Failed*. On one occasion, he tried to sell a carpet, which once belonged to the last shah of Iran and had 12,000 carats of precious gems woven into it, to a Bond Street jeweler, who asked him to cut out the stones and bring them in for a valuation. I asked him how he planned to put the gems back in the carpet. "Back in the carpet?" he muttered. "I've never even seen it."

At some point, Alec realized that everybody with money has something to sell or something to buy, and that the key to a life of numinous leisure was the commission he could charge for matching up the sellers with the buyers. His life became a fantastic kaleidoscope of practical-looking delusions, rendered only more colorful by the occasional success of one of his ventures. Thus, on his way to Hampstead to see an Azeri businessman about petroleum contracts, he might remember that he had a luncheon appointment with an Old Masters dealer in Albemarle Street to whom he had promised to show the photograph of a Madonna and Child supposedly stolen from the Museo Mandralisca in Cefalù. But, because of course the photograph was actually only a postcard, and the Madonna was just where it had always been, bathing the rare Sicilian visitor in the benignity of her gaze, and because it was already two o'clock and he was quite hungry, he decided to drop in on a French girl with whom he had, on one occasion, danced in St. Moritz.

She was living in Chelsea now. At some point later that evening, the girl telephoned her mother in Neuilly, to tell her how blissfully happy she was. It is quite irrelevant, in the scope of this character sketch, to recount how much, or indeed whether, either of these women saw Alec in weeks to come.

Settled or nomadic, the charming idler is above all the master of his day, with ample time on his hands to cultivate an infatuation, bring it to fruition, and husband it watchfully thereafter. It can hardly be otherwise, as witness the biblical account of the Fall, a *locus classicus* if there ever was one. Who can dispute that the original tragedy of mankind would not have taken place, and man would not have needed to cry *peccavi* forever thence, had Adam not taken that ridiculous job of gardener in Eden? For experience shows that, in life as in roulette, one must call the bet before the ball drops. A fisherman or a fisher of men? A husband to the vine or of the woman?

As it was, Adam had divided loyalties from the outset. Six mornings a week, like so many of his descendants down to the present day, he would pack his lunchbox and go off to work, sometimes having to travel to some outlying part of the garden and stay there, planting and pruning, until it was dusk, for the sun sets early in hot southern climes. But even if he was on the job from nine to five, figuring another couple of hours to get there and back, the cumulative length of his absences, adjusted for modern life expectancy, would have been equivalent to something like 30 years in the slammer—the kind of stretch a person is expected to do nowadays for multiple homicide.

Meanwhile, Eve was alone. Occupation, waiting. Like so many of her descendants, she was neglected and felt it.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*by Srdja Trifkovic*

# A New Balance of Power

Seven years is a well-rounded time span, for better ("Behold, there come seven years of great plenty") or for worse ("And there shall arise after them seven years of famine"). As we enter the final year of George W. Bush's presidency, it is time to look at his septennial foreign-policy scorecard without malice, which his name often evokes these days, but with the charity that rejoiceth in truth.

During his first campaign, Mr. Bush said that we needed a "humbler" foreign policy than that conducted under Bill Clinton. He singled out the U.S. intervention in Haiti "to restore democracy" and the "nation-building" mission in Kosovo as the sort of adventures that would be avoided under his watch. That now seems light years ago. After Dr. Jekyll's brief early spell, Mr. Hyde took over, fortifying himself with ever-larger doses of the potion.

The first disquieting signs came before September 11, with Mr. Bush's strong advocacy of further NATO enlargement and his support for the missile-defense system that demanded American abrogation of the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty with Moscow. Already by the summer of 2001, the Bush administration sounded completely unyielding on missile defense. Its chief proponent was Donald Rumsfeld, who argued that it was needed to maintain global hegemony: "a number of countries with regional ambitions do not welcome the U.S. role as a stabilizing power in their regions," he wrote, and therefore "want to place restraints on the U.S. capability to project power or influence into their regions"; but their ability to do so can be curtailed by missile defense. As I wrote at the time,

> A foreign policy based on the American interest would not need any missile shields, because it would desist from global power projection and thus make the threat to the United States less likely.

In addition, months before September 11, Mr. Bush declared that the United States would do "whatever it took to help Taiwan defend itself"—which amounted to the revival of the defense treaty with Taipei that had been defunct since 1979. In the aftermath of the spy-plane affair (April 2001), the administration also announced that it would sell offensive weapons to Taiwan, in violation of the Taiwan Relations Act. This was a stunning reversal of the policy initiated by Richard Nixon and followed by all his successors, including Ronald Reagan.

A reasonable and responsible president would have treated September 11 as a wake-up call to revise the nation's strategic priorities. In particular, he would have sought to eliminate unnecessary strains in America's relations with Russia and China, whose active help, or at least supportive benevolence, would be needed to meet the deadliest threat of the new century.

The failure to define a viable strategy in the "War on Terror" was Mr. Bush's major conceptual shortcoming. It stemmed from his inability to grasp the nature and motivation of the enemy.

In the months leading up to September 11, and contrary to conventional accusations that the United States is hostile to Islam, President Bush was eager to reach an understanding with the Taliban regime as part of a strategy to keep Caspian energy sources and pipelines out of Russian hands. After September 11, he turned the preexisting pattern of pro-Islamic favoritism into an obsession. According to a GOP insider,

> Continuing up to the present, the pronouncements from American officials from Bush on down regarding Islam as a religion of "peace and tolerance"—in which the factor of *jihad* ideology is ignored in favor of reference to a generic "terrorism" committed by "evildoers"—display the extent to which U.S. policymakers became fixated on the notion that victory in the misnamed "war on terror" could only be achieved by getting the Muslim world on our side.

The key assumption of Bush's approach, that generosity and appeasement would be rewarded by friendship, was mistaken: Loyalty to unbelievers is not a Muslim trait, but pragmatism is—and it prescribes that, when dealing with fools, one milks them for all one can get. His never-ending attempts to bring the Islamists into the tent have played right into the hands of global *jihad* (notably in Turkey) and caused instability (Egypt, Lebanon, the Palestinian Authority).

The President's specific policy blunders stemmed from his conceptual failure. As we now know, he used September 11—or blithely allowed Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz, Perle, *et al.*, to use it—in support of an unrelated, unjustified, and ultimately disastrous war in Iraq. At the same time, he has continued to act in relation to Russia and China as an antagonist. His actions are directly contributing to the emergence of a new global balance and, in particular, to the growth of the Shanghai Cooperation Organization (SCO) as a major economic, political, and military counterweight to the United States.

Six years ago, this did not appear imminent. In the immediate aftermath of September 11, Vladimir Putin was the first foreign leader to contact President Bush, promising that Russia would do "whatever is necessary" to help the United States. He authorized American aircraft to fly over Russian territory in pursuit of "humanitarian and support missions" in Central Asia. His influence with the former Soviet republics—Uzbekistan, in particular—was decisive in their decision to allow U.S. forces to use their bases, all in the name of the "War on Terror."

Mr. Bush subsequently attempted to make that presence permanent, however, in pursuit of the neoconservative policy of encircling, reducing, and ultimately eliminating Russia as a great power. In 2002, the United States unilaterally abrogated the ABM Treaty and announced a new major expansion of NATO. In 2003



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and 2004 came the U.S.-supported and -financed "color revolutions" in Georgia and the Ukraine, the geopolitical equivalent of Putin engineering anti-American regime changes in Mexico and Canada. Elements of forward missile defense are now in Poland and the Czech Republic. All U.S. plans for Caspian gas and oil still require transit routes that studiously avoid Russia.

In relation to China, Mr. Bush has been less brazen but more incoherent. He has tried a mix of containment, confrontation, and accommodation, in a manner likely to increase both China's economic and military power *vis-à-vis* the United States and her distrust of American motives and goals.

If Mr. Bush had wanted to preempt the rise of China as a rival and potential enemy, he should have acted boldly to halt further American investment in the Chinese economy, to reverse the massive outsourcing that had started before he came to the Oval Office, and to erect effective trade barriers against the continuing deluge of Chinese-made consumer products in American stores. He has done none of those things. In facilitating the growth of China's economic base (by allowing continued demographic deluge across the southern border, among other things), he has been an appeaser of this country's corporate interests to the detriment of a coherent security policy and world-affairs strategy.

If Mr. Bush was not willing to act vigorously to halt the transfer of American wealth and American industrial potential to Shanghai and Guandong, he should have accepted the rise of China as a first-class power with the best possible grace and on the grounds that no fundamental sources of conflict between America and China exist. Such a relationship could have been skillfully managed—with more reciprocity in the field of trade and exchange rates—but it was not. Its foundation—the acceptance of the fact that Taiwan is part of China, that she will eventually be reintegrated, and that it is in the American interest to facilitate peaceful reunification—was lacking.

After seven years of Mr. Bush's contradictory course, China's growing wealth and power, coupled with her mistrust of America, have produced interesting results in the form of Beijing's strategic partnership with Russia. Directly resulting from Bush's policies, the Shanghai process may soon reshape the Asian architecture by turning China into a distribution hub for oil and gas exports to South Korea and Japan, two of the largest energy importers in the world—which, in turn, may lead to their strategic realignment.

The Bush administration has attempted to counter the growing SCO influence in Central Asia and the Far East primarily by courting another Asian giant, India, as a future counterbalance to China's power. The final objective—the emergence of a "Quadrilateral of Democracies," a political grouping consisting of the United States, Japan, Australia, and India—is yet another Bush pipe dream, however. India is wary of an alignment with America so long as she remains Pakistan's key backer, and New Delhi is aware that Washington's objective is to use India as a dispensable auxiliary. The Indians are developing close cooperation with the SCO, instead. Recent U.S.-Indian naval war-games in the Bay of Bengal were immediately followed by an elaborate Russian-Indian counterterrorism exercise. Last month, the Indian navy exercised for the first time with the Chinese fleet in the East China Sea. The policy of "superalignment"—an evenhanded cultivation of everyone who counts—is paying dividends without tying India to a distant and unpredictable America.

The main reason Mr. Bush has found it so hard to attract overseas partners for his schemes—outside such places as Tirana and Riga—is the loss of credibility he has suffered as a result of the ongoing quagmire in Iraq. He is still staying the course, predicated on the creation of military preconditions for an elusive political solution, and has no exit strategy. But even after he leaves the White House, there will be no precipitous withdrawal, and the drain on American resources and willpower will continue.

Mr. Bush may yet make things much more interesting by attacking Iran, which is exactly what our jihadist enemies would like him to do. The danger is that he will do it in his last year in office, not because it is a feasible military-political project, but because his foreign-policy premises, and the strategies derived from those premises, have grown more perilously sincere and ideologically rigid with each passing year of his presidency. Controlling "our destiny by our leadership" and striving for "the end of tyranny in the world" is not a political philosophy; it is a clinical diagnosis.

Thucydides wrote that polities threatened by a state with imperial pretensions should band together to discourage or contain excessive power. His lesson still stands, as Russia and China are proving. An imbalance existed in the 1990's with the emergence of the United States as a global hegemon. Had it been allowed to continue for too long, it may have been resolved only through the disaster of a major war.

The imbalance is being corrected, thanks to Mr. Bush's millenarian hubris, and his successors will be forced to operate within a global system very different from one that is conducive to his claim that

> History has called America . . . to fight freedom's fight . . . by defending liberty and justice because they are right and true and unchanging for all people everywhere . . . the non-negotiable demands of human dignity.

His fixation on being on the right side of destiny is dangerous not only because it breeds irrational belief in the correctness of one's own intuitive judgment, but (as Lincoln and Wilson have shown) because it engenders a decisionmaking style inimical to the political and constitutional tradition of the United States. In addition, the historicist fallacy that "History" is an entity on a linear march has bred a gnostic mind-set that makes it easy to murder those deemed to be on its "wrong" side.

If there is one thing for which we should be thankful to Mr. Bush, it is his unwitting contribution to the emergence of a multipolar world. External restraint is being imposed on America. It is dictated by the perfectly normal desire of Russians, Chinese, Indians, and many smaller nations to prove that "History" has not called America to anything. The Thucydidean prudence they exercise is eminently American in spirit, because a global balance of power reflects internationally what the system of checks and balances does at home. Its speedy reestablishment will render ludicrous the hubristic ravings of benevolent global hegemonists.

A new global balance will also help relegitimize the notion of America as a nation among other nations and a state among other states, with definable and limited national interests as the foundation of her diplomacy. Contrary to what Mr. Bush and his dwindling band of apologists may claim, this is neither defeatism nor isolationism; it is sanity.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL THEORY

# Abortion: No Libertarian Triumph

**by Doug Bandow**

A debate has broken out over the continuing viability of the "fusion" of libertarians and conservatives. If the latter are represented by President George W. Bush and the 109th Congress, the alliance seems dead. Concocting a coalition of libertarians and liberals isn't going to be any easier, however. Brink Lindsey of the Cato Institute has attempted to do so in the *New Republic*, with only modest success—as indicated by some of the sharp leftist responses to his proposal. One of his most disturbing arguments, however, was in an area of agreement with liberals. Lindsey characterized "the legalization of abortion" as one "of the great libertarian breakthroughs of the era."

Libertarians often are characterized as abortion advocates, and many are. However, many are not. Abortion is one issue on which libertarians sharply divide.

According to libertarian principles, a person has a "right" to an abortion only if the procedure violates no one else's right. You can cut off your own arm, but not your neighbor's arm. You can "control" your own body, but not your neighbor's body. Thus, for libertarians, the key question in deciding abortion is What is the status of the unborn? Part of, or separate from, the mother? Possessor or violator of rights?

There are libertarians who do not view the unborn as, in philosopher Tibor Machan's words, "a full-fledged human being or person." They lack "at least the latent capacity for rational thought and choice," certainly "until late in their development." Sharon Presley and Robert Cooke of the Association of Libertarian Feminists make a similar point, distinguishing between the "biologically human fetus and the psychologically human child."

Of course, it is impossible to define when someone becomes capable of "rational thought and choice." That capability is not imparted at birth. Rather, it develops over time, presumably starting in the womb but continuing through early childhood. Some people suffer from disabilities and appear never to develop that capability. That makes them no less human, however. Presley and Cooke contend that only after birth is "the organism . . . subject to outside environmental stimuli." Moreover, "Birth is also the point at which purposeful action can begin." This is true but irrelevant, since it does not address the innate aptitudes of the human person. People are people because their natures are similar, not because their environments are similar.

At birth, a fetus obviously becomes an independent creature, one whom everyone acknowledges to be a human being—and, thus, possessing the same rights as his mother. Yet sometime before birth, a baby becomes physically capable of surviving outside of the womb, a status that deserves legal recognition.

Even before viability, the fetus is genetically unique, a being apart from its mother while contained therein. The baby enters the continuum of life far earlier, however—at conception or implantation. It is the latter moment when, all else being equal, the new being will begin its natural progression to birth and adulthood. At early stages, we might not see a baby, let alone a person. But we see what is destined to become a baby and a person. And it is destined to develop, in Machan's words, the capability of "rational thought and choice."

Science and medicine, then, seem to lean toward according personhood, or "person status," to the baby. Set aside religious arguments about a soul. A fetus is markedly different from normal body parts and, left undisturbed, will become a separate, unique adult.

For some libertarians, the personhood of the baby is not important. One argument is that a pregnant woman is like someone who wakes up to find himself connected to a world-class violinist: Cut the tube, and the latter dies. This, so goes the argument, is tragic, but not the person's responsibility.

A similar claim comes from economist Walter Block. He presents the issue as one involving trespass. The pregnant woman is a property owner; the baby is an illegal trespasser. Block allows that trespass should be remedied by the least lethal method possible, which might change as technology advances. Should it become medically possible to remove the child and keep him alive at an earlier stage of development, such would be the proper response to the unwanted pregnancy. (Presley and Cooke object to this argument, since "the real point of abortion [is] not that the woman does not want to be pregnant, or that she does not want to raise a child, but that she does not want to bear this child." Even if a baby could be removed safely, the putative mother, they insist, can choose to kill it.)

Walter Block makes a related contention that "there is no 'right to life' itself"—that is, "an obligation to keep that person alive." While one normally cannot kill another human being, one can kill the baby because it is "dependent" on its mother—living inside another person. As leading libertarian Murray Rothbard put it, abortion "should be looked upon not as killing the fetus but as ejecting it from the mother's body." The baby's death is merely "incidental to the act of abortion." Presley and Cooke are even more forthright: "[E]ven if the fetus were a person, it could not justifiably claim a right to live at the expense of the woman's resources, or her right to self-determination."

Rothbard compared the case of the unborn with a claim that "a full, adult human being has the legal . . . right to remain enclosed within the body of another human being without the latter's consent." That is "absurd," so, obviously, the baby has no right to remain in his mother's womb. He also wrote that barring an abortion effectively enslaves a woman, "alienating her will."

Presley and Cooke take on the issue from a different perspective. They contend that abortion should be looked at from the perspective of the mother, not the child:

> [T]he woman's right to self-determination includes not only the right to control her physical body and all that happens within it, but the psychic and existential components of her life and well-being as well. That is, she has the right to make choices about how her body will be used to further her own



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happiness and self-interest.

Restricting abortion even for the benefit of the putative father "puts her in the position of a chattel slave." Presley and Cooke, quoting libertarian political activist Mike Dunn, sharply criticize "the surrender of a higher value (the autonomy and well-being of a living person) for a lesser value (the biological survival of a pre-human being)." That judgment reflects their belief that the fetal "entity . . . cannot yet even experience emotions, cognitions, or even physical pain." In this way, "to sacrifice existing persons for the sake of future generations" is the same as "slave labor camps" and "compulsory childbearing."

Much of this rhetoric treats a temporary imposition (nine months of pregnancy) the same as a lifetime condition (chattel slavery). Thus, the rights of "a pre-human being" (for a lifetime) must be sacrificed to those of "a living person" (for nine months). An unwanted pregnancy surely is a serious burden, but there is a meaningful difference between temporary and permanent impositions.

Moreover, the baby-mother relationship is different from that of two adults. Indeed, libertarians base their philosophy on consent. There are many things in life that even nonlibertarians agree people are not obligated to do. But people can, by word or deed, commit to such actions, voluntarily incurring duties both moral and legal. This includes eschewing an abortion. Almost by definition, a woman having an abortion does not want to have her child. However, except in the case of rape, she has chosen to get pregnant.

If you have sex, you are voluntarily accepting the risk of becoming pregnant. Choosing to have sex is choosing to engage in the act that results in pregnancy. One might not desire to become pregnant, but a person who accepts the risk is responsible for the consequences. The debate over abortion is a debate over accountability.

Men also incur moral and legal obligations, such as providing financial support for a child. Biology might seem to let men off of the hook, but that "unfairness" is inherent to pregnancy itself. The fact that only women bear children does not change the basic moral calculus of abortion. Even so, libertarians concerned about protecting individual liberty and restricting government understandably feel uncomfortable about involving the state in the abortion decision. Nor do general principles resolve the complex practical questions surrounding the issue: How restrictive? Which exceptions? What punishment? It's not a simple issue.

What is simple is the fact that the baby is a separate life, and pregnancy almost always results from a consensual decision. Thus, *Roe* v. *Wade* is not one "of the great libertarian breakthroughs." On the contrary, the end of most legal limits on abortion separated responsibility from liberty. The freedom to have sex brings with it the accountability for the consequences of having sex.

Libertarians are understandably frustrated with their traditional alliance with supposed conservatives, especially of the *neo-* variety. In fact, neither the Republican President nor the Republicans in Congress have been genuinely conservative on most of today's critical issues. Thus, it is understandable that libertarians are looking for political alternatives.

However, libertarians must always focus on first principles. Whatever beliefs liberals and libertarians might share, support for legal abortion should not be among them.

*Doug Bandow is vice president of policy for Citizen Outreach and the author of* Leviathan Unchained: Washington's Bipartisan Big Government Consensus *(forthcoming, Xulon Press).*

## THE ARTS

# Like Talking to a Wall: Some Further Thoughts on Photography

**by Andrei Navrozov**

One may recall one's family album, and the endless quarrels with the love of one's life over which photographs would best fill its pages. The very substantiality of that omnibus of photism, with its impositions of ormolu, its house-proud monograms, its smug little pasteboard corners to hold the pictures in place, and all its forbidding, leather-clad immanence, was, one recalls, a socially acceptable ruse, a prescription opiate that commonly passes as an *aide-mémoire* among people without feelings.

Memory, which thrills at misconstruction and will not rest until it has committed every kind of white-collar crime worth dreaming up in what amounts to a lifetime of counterfeiting, is bad enough; but were one to imagine that technological advance has provided that criminal mastermind with accomplices, doubtless first among them would be Daguerre; truly an *âme damnée*, who has copied Mnemosyne's way of doing things by manipulating light, thus managing to introduce golden moments into the colloidal alkahest where, in God's reality, a naturally infinite variety of grays, flecked, like robin's eggs, with blood, spittle, and semen, vie for dominance over the experience of existence.

"The camera," wrote R.H. Wilenski in *The Modern Movement in Art*, "was an element in the industrial revolution. It was a labour-saving device which, like all labour-saving devices, rendered certain standards of judgement out of date." Thus Ruskin, who saw daguerreotypes for the first time in 1845 in Venice, proclaimed photography "a noble invention" and insisted that

> anyone who has worked and blundered and stammered as I have done for four days and then sees the thing he has been trying to do so long in vain done perfectly and faultlessly in half a minute won't abuse it afterwards.

In his old age, the great English aesthete was to realize that he had been taken in—gulled, like an Old Bolshevik by Stalin's self-effacement, like an American housewife by a new brand of detergent—but not before "his misconception of the camera's vision," notes Wilenski, "had had immense results on his own attitude to painting and, owing to his great influence, on English art."

Oh, but for strands of argument such as these to brighten the sackcloth drabness of marital conflict! If only an exposé of Corot's middle period, or a determined assault on Pre-Raphaelite technique, all strictly in connection, of course, with the degenerative impact made by the *camera obscura* upon perception since the middle of the 19th century, could stand in for all the lusterless days of irritable silence, for the peevish and sullen nights expended on family-album maintenance, for the morose, half-tone innuendos, for the transparent hints and gelatine counter-threats. If only one's



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wedded wife could put aside her newly fledged authority of motherhood, her freshly assertive, flagrantly nesting competence, and exorcise the materialism of knowledge and memory surging uncontrollably within her, surely she would see at once that the album was as evil a proposition as Monet's haystacks, a mockery of love and of God's light, a dollhouse designed by a mechanistic sensibility for an unfeeling age!

"The photograph is the privileged instrument of the Oedipal family," writes Henri Van Lier in a fine passage on the subject, provided one makes the usual allowances for the presence of the Freudian idiom. It is moreover an instrument by means of which "dissolution of the mommy-daddy-me triangle" is accomplished, as the reliquary mixture "of diverse relatives and showbiz stars creates an alternative family." This impulse to social dissolution is transmitted in both directions, from the bottom up as from the top down, through such channels as advertising imaging, fashion's idealmongering, and the pornography industry, each tilting the mirror, mirror on the wall its own way to produce the revolutionary, that is to say lucrative or seductive, effect desired. The camera, as used today, not only lies; it defrauds, it counterfeits and subverts.

At times, the venues of subversion intertwine, just as revolutionaries, criminals, and policemen often mingle in real life as in Dostoevsky and Conrad, inhabiting as they do the same lower depths. In the fashion world, for instance, one notes that the relevant "journals," where cutting-edge experiment in photography is believed to have taken place during the latter part of the 20th century, are being reclassified by the postal service as "catalogues," for the very good reason that the advertising content in their pages now exceeds the most liberally adjudicated limit. Editorial photography, in other words, is but a figure of speech: a flimsy cover, and an inept cover story, for commercial exploitation of the autochthonic mass of mankind.

Selecting a book from an imaginary library of the future, Anatole France claimed in a Preface to Flugel's *The Psychology of Clothes*, one need only

> take a fashion magazine to see how women dressed a century after my passing. And these flounces would teach me more about the future of humanity than all the philosophers, novelists, preachers and professors ever could.

Well, that century is upon us, and what one glimpses in the interstices of France's flounces is but the pandemic cannibalism of a teeming species, a multinational carnival of consumption where *imagos* of the dead and of the rich mask the appetite of the bottom-feeding poor.

Pornography is another eye-catching example. "There was hardly any pornography in the contemporary sense prior to the nineteenth century," argues Van Lier, noting that neither the eroticism of a Rétif de la Bretonne nor the perversity of a Marquis de Sade was motivated by a social order from their readership. Modern pornography is, to the contrary, quintessentially interactive, more so, if anything, than even the notoriously venal relationship between a Union of Soviet Writers hack and his Politburo clientele in totalitarian Russia. "Photography played a decisive role in this development," writes Van Lier. Indeed, just imagine how greatly rewarded would be the inventor of a device by means of which the political fictions of the sort of society imagined by Orwell in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* became documentary reality at the touch of a button! At the very least, Daguerre should have been posthumously awarded both the Stalin and the Carnegie Prizes—one, for deception with intent to enslave, and the other, for sharpening capitalism's appetite for devouring itself. "Everything that was once directly lived," wrote Debord, "has receded into a representation."

It is not, in point of fact, to the Stieglitzy proclamations of an Ansel Adams or a Mapplethorpe, but to the work of such sociologists as Georg Simmel, with his books on *The Philosophy of Money* (1900) and *The Metropolis and Mental Life* (1903), or, in our own epoch, Guy Debord (1931-1994) with *The Society of the Spectacle*, that one must turn to gain an understanding of photography's origins, role, and function as an artistic amateur's pastime that has become a full-fledged mass cult. Not for nothing does Debord take these words of Feuerbach's as the epigraph to his collection of searing apophthegms:

> Truth is considered profane, and only illusion is sacred. Sacredness is enhanced in proportion as truth decreases and illusion increases, so that the highest degree of illusion comes to be the highest degree of sacredness.

It all comes down, then, to modes of consumption and surrogation, and here the argument redounds back to where it began, to the mute and threadbare Muselessness of this beggar of a subgenre. Art was never a matter of demand, invariably of supply. Even the humblest of skills, such as that of a Roman barista manipulating an espresso machine to produce a perfect cup of coffee, is the product of talent, craft, and inspiration, all of which are supply-led, with the result that all the demand and all the money in the world cannot duplicate that 50-milliliter *tazza di café* in the smartest dining establishments of London, New York, or Paris. Photography, no longer uniquely among the genres and subgenres on which the dominant aesthetic of the 21st century subsists, is, by contrast, almost wholly demand-led: wife's demand, or sociopath's, or corporate, or political, or onanist's. It is thus that it has never acquired a Muse, for no mode of consumption, however artistic-looking, can look to a deity. It is thus that it has remained mute, for to him who has nothing to say, no tongue is given.

*Andrei Navrozov is* Chronicles' *European editor.*

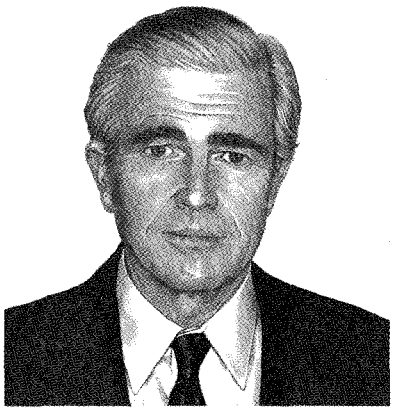
**To Subscribe:**
*call (800) 877-5459 or visit*
**www.ChroniclesMagazine.org**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*by George McCartney*

# Slinging It



***In the Valley of Elah***

*Produced by Blackfriars Bridge Films and Summit Entertainment*
*Written and directed by Paul Haggis*
*Distributed by Warner Independent Pictures*

***Michael Clayton***

*Produced by Castle Rock Entertainment and Section 8*
*Written and directed by Tony Gilroy*
*Distributed by Warner Brothers*

There are two kinds of symbolism: the gilded and the golden. *In the Valley of Elah* exemplifies the first. Writer-director Paul Haggis has followed his successful 2005 effort, *Crash*, with a turgid, foolish film in which he lamely tries to dramatize how the Iraq war is harming us on the home front.

Tommy Lee Jones, his creased face sagging with stoic resignation to time, gravity, and lousy screen-writing, plays retired Army man Hank Deerfield. He lives with his wife (Susan Sarandon sans makeup) in a modest, suburban ranch in Tennessee and is a no-nonsense kind of guy. When he buys a replacement part for his car's engine, he bluntly asks the store owner, "Will it last?" The merchant replies wistfully, "Hank, you've got to trust someone." He doesn't, however. Having spent a good deal of his career in the military police, he knows more than he'd like of human perfidy.

So we're not surprised that Hank distrusts the news of his son having gone AWOL from his New Mexico Army base four days after returning from Iraq. He immediately packs an overnight bag and heads for his car. "That's a two-day drive," his wife warns. "For some," he replies with a laconic stoicism that says more than words ever could.

Hank does have time to stop by his son's old school to inform the Salvadoran janitor that the flag is flying upside down. Pleading ignorance of flag decorum, the janitor quickly rehoists Old Glory, stars up. It's just here the film begins to go seriously wrong. In my experience, Salvadorans, legal or illegal, know which side is up among their gringo hosts. But Haggis loves symbolism, and he needs this upside-down flag to signal his intention. I'm all for creative license, but, until this point, the film has been a downbeat, relentlessly realistic observation of ordinary American life as lived by dutiful, patriotic citizens. Haggis, however, has a message to deliver, and he doesn't trust us to get it on our own.

Shortly after arriving at the fictional Fort Rudd, Hank is informed his son has been found stabbed to death and partially burned. When the base officers provide scant details, Hank suspects a cover-up and goes to the local police. There he enlists the reluctant aid of detective Emily Sanders (Charlize Theron, hilariously miscast). From this point, the narrative becomes a police procedural with some chases thrown in for good measure. In one scene, Hank's new buddy Emily chases after a burly Hispanic suspect. Theron's running, I confess, reminded me of Andrea Martin and Catherine O'Hara legging it after desperadoes when they used to play tough policewomen on *Second City TV*. With uncompromising fashion sense, the gals insisted on wearing high heels, which made for ungainly progress through Chicago's littered alleyways. Not unexpectedly, Theron fails to get her man, so Jones takes over. Despite his 61 years, he not only catches this Iraq-toughened veteran but whales the tar out of him for good measure. But don't worry. Haggis keeps things real. Theron and Jones don't engage in a victory cuddle afterward.

By the way, the captured soldier is not guilty; he's just Mexican. The answer to Hank's investigation resides in the scrambled images retrieved from the damaged cellphone found in his son's uniform. As Hank studies these traces of his son's last days, we see on the screen a confusing blur of off-kilter video accompanied by voices shouting hysterically at one another. As Hank replays these images over and over through the film, clues begin to emerge, and we await the final revelation. Unfortunately, it turns out to be infinitely less plausible than the upside-down flag: all symbol and little truth.

In a film that begs to be deciphered, there is one scene that continues to elude me. Having dinner at Emily's one night, Hank offers to read her ten-year-old son a bedtime book. She gives him C.S. Lewis's *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. After reading it silently to himself for a full minute, Hank puts it aside. "I don't understand it," he shrugs and proceeds instead to tell the boy the story of David slaying Goliath in the valley of Elah, making of it a lesson on how we must conquer our fears just as David did his. Afterward, Emily remarks—quite witlessly it seems to me—that the story is not true. Hank insists it is, remarking, by way of proof, "It's even in the Koran." Well, what sturdier evidence could you want? I might add that some Koranic scholars argue the Islamic version is truer than the Bible's because, 1,400 years after the original telling, Muhammad wisely pruned the story of that nonsense about a boy felling a giant with a sling. But let's not get into exegetical disputes. My question is a narrower one: What is this scene doing in the film? Is Haggis dismissing the Christian sentiment at the heart of Lewis's allegory with its emphasis on sacrifice and redemption? Is he celebrating a Hebraic dedication to vanquishing an evil enemy? Is he covering his multicultural bets and reminding us that, since Muslims claim to share our tradition, we shouldn't be killing them? Since Haggis chose the biblical site of David's victory for his title, clearly there is a lot riding on this moment, but smite me with an ox goad if I know what he means.

In *Michael Clayton*, Tony Gilroy does not display nearly the political ambition Haggis does in *Valley*, but his symbolism unmistakably meets the gold standard.

His narrative hews to one of contemporary film's most honored genres: A big, bad corporation makes obscene profits by mercilessly putting at risk the health



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the little people who have been stupid enough to live in the path of its various toxic spills. Of course, there's a multi-billion-dollar class-action lawsuit against the corporation's chieftains, who, in response, have hired a fleet of exorbitantly paid kamikaze lawyers to strafe the low-rent plaintiffs with barrage after barrage of obfuscations, delays, and bribes in hopes that they will either give up or, better yet, die off. Only those who have somehow not seen a movie for the past 40 years will be surprised by all this.

One of the pleasures of genre fiction is to watch a writer ring changes on a template. The trick is to stick with the satisfying formula but introduce a difference or two for piquancy's sake. Directing his own screenplay, Gilroy does this quite handily. For one thing, it doesn't get ensnared in the workings of the suit itself. He wisely lets them be taken for granted. It's a battle of the heartless against the heartfelt, and that's all we need to know.

The real interest has to do with the formidable but unstable lead counsel defending the corporation, the tellingly named Arthur Edens (Tom Wilkinson) and the man assigned to keep him on track, the eponymous Michael Clayton (George Clooney). Negotiating with the little people for six years, Edens has become convinced that they are right and his client is steeped in pitch. So he quits his manic-depressive medication, goes bonkers, and switches sides. To make good his conversion, he strips naked at the negotiating table, screaming that he is Shiva, the god of death. He is that serious about his rebirth. Later, we find him coming home to his bachelor loft in lower Manhattan symbolically cradling about 20 loaves of French bread under his arm. Enter Clayton to reason him back to the reservation. Edens, however, won't listen. Exasperated, Clayton says, "You want to go with God, go with God." Of course, this is just what Edens is attempting. He also wants to reestablish communion with the innocence embedded in his surname.

Wilkinson is one of those actors who seems incapable of wearing out his welcome. Here he plays the holy fool, a man whose madness makes plainest sense. Whining one moment, hurling thunderbolts the next, he's the prophet scorned in his own land. As Clayton, Clooney has the quieter role, but he convincingly registers the moral disgust of a man who has spent the past 20 years selling his soul at an insulting discount. He's not even going to become a firm partner for his humiliation; he lacks the breeding. He's Irish, and his father and brother are New York City cops. He took his undergraduate degree at St. John's University, a working-middle-class Catholic school that has served the sons and daughters of immigrants for 137 years, and, incidentally, employs me. He then went on to Fordham Law. His background and contacts have suited him for what the firm's head calls his niche. He has become the fixer or, as he refers to himself, the janitor who cleans up legal messes. When a corporate honcho commits a hit and run, Clayton knows just whom to call to smother the inevitable police investigation. And when Edens has one of his periodic breakdowns, he is responsible for helping the madman make peace with his demons so he can return to a lawyer's proper duties, chief among which is stealing from the poor to ensure the rich stay that way. Only this time, there will be complications. It seems the corporate client recently hired for its chief in-house counsel the wonderfully named Karen Crowder (Tilda Swinton), a woman with instincts that would shame Catherine de Medici. Learning of Edens' mental difficulties, she outsources an investigation to a private security team. When the lead snoop reports that Edens has acquired the one memo that incontrovertibly proves the corporation guilty, she darkly inquires in transparent legalese whether he can offer an option "I'm not thinking about."

Gilroy, who wrote the scripts for the *Bourne* movies, has eschewed their frenetic editing for a much more considered, even stately style. His film comprises close-up and tight middle-range shots, except for a magisterial long shot at both its beginning and its conclusion in which Clayton visits a Westchester horse pasture. The camera drops back to reveal in the distance three horses standing silently on a rise. As I watched this strangely serene moment, I was annoyed to notice that someone in the front row had stood up and was walking toward the screen. As his silhouetted shadow broke into the screen's bottom border, I silently cursed the ill manners of today's movie patrons. Then, I noticed that the figure was, improbably enough, climbing the hill in the shot. The film then cut to a closer view, and the figure was revealed to be Clooney struggling across the grass to reach the horses.

What a clever illusion, I thought. Later, I realized it was something more. Clayton's walk into the bottom of this long shot suggests that he has stepped right out of the movie we have been watching, the one filled with suffocating close-ups of people calculating moment by moment how much of their souls they are willing to surrender to the daily hustle of getting and spending. Visually departing from this crowded world of compromise, Clayton enters an uncluttered pasture. The horses snuffle at him peaceably. For an enchanted moment, Clayton becomes Gulliver escaping from all the noisome bleatings of his bustling Yahoo brethren to commune with the preternatural Houyhnhnms, those wonderfully poised Edenic horses. He stares at them in wordless wonder as they regard him with what seems a blessed amusement.

By having Clayton step into the frame as if he had been a member of the audience, Gilroy invites us to follow. It is his call to action. Isn't it time we joined madman Edens? he seems to ask. Isn't it time we resigned from what the world laughably deems sanity?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*by Chilton Williamson, Jr.*

# A Close Encounter With the Enemy

Following his conversation with Jacinta Ruiz, Héctor took down from its shelf the statue of the Centaur that had been gathering a coat of the fine yellow dust blown in from the Chihuahuan Desert through chinks in the ranch-house walls and put it away in the closet, and he did not visit the Pink House again until after Jesús "Eddie's" return from Belen more than a week later. Even then, he managed to find excuses to hang out at Geronimo's in Deming instead, until Jesús "Eddie," growing impatient, resisted.

"Listen, *hombre*, it is safer drinking in Mexico, away from the interstate where the terrorists are. Did you know that Indians—those black ones from India, not the Apache—own two motels in Deming? Not all Indians are Buddhists, *compadrito*. Millions and millions of them are Islamists, wanting to come here to this country to answer the phones for us! You can smell the curry from one end of the town to the o-ther! Who knows if Abdul Kahn has friends there to watch us, Héctor! Besides—the beer is cheaper at the Pink House, while Jacinta Ruiz—she likes us, *compadrito*!" Jesús "Eddie" finished with a lecherous smirk at his friend, accompanied by a dig in the ribs with his elbow. The fact was, he'd missed the presence of both Contracepción and Jacinta during his sojourn upriver.

So Héctor consented, with acute misgivings, to pay the Pink House another visit. He was in a grudging mood to start with, a reflection in part of his family's simmering resentment at the Juárezes' return to the ranch house. Héctor was too honest a man to overlook the fact that the place was, after all, the property of his friend, or anyway of the Juárez family, and that Jesús "Eddie" and Beatriz had shown the Villas an act of great kindness and generosity in allowing them to hide out here in a time of grave peril. Only, life had been so comfortable in their absence! Contracepción had appropriated to herself the second bedroom and carried the single TV in there, in the face of AveMaría's and Dubya's vociferous protests. (In this dispute, Héctor had taken his daughter's part, inviting his wife's sympathy on behalf of a preteen girl marooned on a frigid desert in winter and deprived of friends, school, and shopping, while promising Dubya access to Animal Planet for one full hour before bedtime.) It had not helped that the Juárezes had arrived without warning from Belen to find most of Contracep's wardrobe, including a voluminous assortment of girlish underthings, mixed in with piles of CDs and magazines, spread across the bed and around the room. Though Jesús "Eddie" had been gratifyingly nonchalant about the mess, Beatriz had seemed somewhat miffed. And now the holiday season was coming, with the dismal prospect of the two families having to endure Christmas together under a single (and rather narrow, as well as leaky) roof. As Jesús "Eddie" had reported that Belen continued to be amok with rampaging A-rabs, the chances of their returning home for the holidays appeared less than nothing.

"OK," Héctor agreed, "but only for a couple of beers. I need to be up early to drive to Silver City in the morning. Anyway, AveMaría doesn't like it when I stay out partying until eleven or eleven-thirty at night."

"Beatriz didn't use to, neither," Jesús "Eddie" told him. "Said she expected her husband to stay home nights and talk to her. I said, 'When did I ever do anything when I'm home 'cept drink beer and watch TV?' And what do you think was her answer to that, *hombre*? Said, 'You know, you're right. This way, I get to watch *Seinfeld*, 'stead of having to watch you watch sports programs!'"

Because Héctor's van had just enough gas left to get as far as Deming in the morning and gasoline was at nearly $3.50 per gallon in Columbus, they took Jesús "Eddie's" pickup. Héctor got behind the wheel, as Jesús's license was suspended for weeks yet. He drove slowly—so slowly that Jesús "Eddie" protested impatiently.

"*Compadrito*, you drive like an old Anglo woman with blue hair! This is a Dodge diesel, not a Buick Park Avenue. I have a thirst, *hombre*! At this speed, we arrive at midnight and have to sleep o-ver!"

Héctor, goaded by even the thought of such a catastrophe, goosed the engine to 70 mph, so that, less than a quarter of an hour later, the truck rattled across the final cattle guard and was waved through at the border crossing by the sleepy Mexican officer seated before a flickering portable TV set.

"He knows us by now," Jesús "Eddie" boasted. "We could bring a load of guns through here, no trouble—start our own Mexican Revolution! *That* would get the Anglos' attention, *hombre*!"

At the Pink House, Jacinta Ruiz acted very glad to see them again.

"¡*Ah, Señor Jesús*!" she greeted Jesús "Eddie." "I am glad you are back with us! It is so good to see you again, and now Héctor's wife will not worry when he is out late alone at night!"

There were fewer drinkers than usual in the restaurant, allowing Jacinta—to Héctor's painful discomfort—plenty of time to sit with him and Jesús "Eddie." While being pleasant to both of them, her manner with Héctor seemed special, combining coyness with a feline concentration Jesús "Eddie" failed to observe but that flattered and excited Héctor, in spite of himself. He had never known a woman like Jacinta Ruiz, he thought—at least, such a woman had not shown such interest in him in a long, long time; not, so far as he could remember, since before his marriage. Reminded in this way of his marital vows, Héctor felt very guilty indeed.

To rid himself of the bad feeling, he drank more beer than was good for him and made no protest as Jesús "Eddie" ordered one round after the other. They sat later than usual. It was a quarter to midnight when they told Jacinta good night and wandered out into the cold desert in search of the pickup. Héctor offered to drive, but Jesús "Eddie" said it was all right, he felt sober as the Pope and knew a detour by back road through the desert



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that would take them home safely without risking an encounter with State Patrolman Rudy Cabeza de Vaca along Highway 11. "We can't afford to both of us lose our licenses," he added; and Héctor, who was seeing double, felt content to let his friend have his way. The truck swerved unintentionally as it passed through the border crossing, but the guards on both sides of the international line appeared to notice nothing amiss and allowed the Dodge to vanish into the darkness beyond the pooled light of the arc lamps. When Jesús "Eddie" had driven only a couple of miles toward Columbus, he hit the brakes hard and brought the truck to a stop, cursing. Twisted round in the seat to stare behind himself through the rear window of the cab, he backed rapidly past two blizzard posts to a Powder River gate set into the barbwire fence at the head of a two-track dirt road.

"Here we are, *hombre*," Jesús "Eddie" said. "Hey, I almost missed the damn turn. The gate ain't locked. Just lift the catch and swing it wide enough to let the truck through. We'll be home in forty, forty-five minutes, and f--k Cabeza de Vaca. He's the one got my license pulled in the first place."

The road, which was narrow and badly rutted, cut west into the desert among a nearly unbroken expanse of creosote bush and mesquite thickets that closed in in places to scrape the panel siding of the pickup and snag the tow mirrors. The ruts shunted the truck back and forth in the track while canting it steeply over, on one side first and then the other, as the headlights, after heaving up toward the night sky, plunged again to illuminate the bottom of a dry wash or hollow. Jackrabbits tore across the pale ribbon of frozen clay, and once the white belly and underwings of an owl swooped low ahead of the windshield, then merged with the shadows where, less than an instant before, a rabbit had vanished. Jesús "Eddie" drove very fast, prompting Héctor to take a tight grip on the handle mounted above the door. A thousand galaxies of stars, brilliant enough in the black sky to be visible above the light path cut by the headlights, wheeled overhead as the pickup, locked into the ruts like a train between the rails, followed the turning, twisting road. Here and there, a solitary ranch light burned far out on the desert, riding the darkness like a distant ship on a nocturnal sea.

Other roads—some hardly more than parallel scratches between the sotol cacti that stood up like suddenly alerted men in the twin light beams; the rest barely distinguishable, if at all, from the one they were following—diverged at intervals to the right and left, causing Héctor to worry that Jesús "Eddie" would lose his way among them, if indeed he had not lost it already, and that the two of them would freeze to death overnight in the desert wilderness. Jesús, however, seemed confident of his direction, and presently they came to a sizable dry wash, fifty feet across and ten or fifteen deep, coursing between vertical banks of clay overhung by brush. Here the track, descending by a steep ramp of dirt and loose gravel, joined the wash and commenced to run along its sandy bottom, following in the wide meanders. Héctor did not at all like the look of this wash, inescapable from within its sheer earthen walls, but he had no choice but to hold his peace and trust in God—and Jesús "Eddie." He was wishing that it were God who was driving, and Jesús looking down benignly from behind the starry firmament overhead, when the truck rounded a bend and the lights, reaching two hundred yards up the narrow canyon, revealed a dozen or so figures ahead entering the next bend in the wash. Héctor's immediate thought, that these people must be bandits, was corrected on the instant by the realization that he was not in Mexico and that, in any case, bandits do not hunt their victims in the bottoms of dried-up creek beds in the midst of unpeopled deserts. As he watched, the figures, acting perturbed, turned to glance behind themselves before disappearing around the bend at redoubled pace.

"Illegal aliens," Jesús "Eddie" said tersely, stepping on the accelerator. "We'll be on them in no time—ain't no way they can climb out of this wash. It may be I'll just have to run them down—eh, *hombre*?"

From past the bend, they saw the aliens ahead of them once more, much closer now and already running, spread out across the bottom.

"What if they're armed?" Héctor asked nervously. Many years ago, as a young man, he'd been compelled to accept the fact that, in spite of being a descendant of General Villa, he was not, by nature, a brave man.

"I got a pistol under the seat," Jesús "Eddie" assured him—as if, Héctor thought resentfully, that was a satisfactory answer to his question.

They were less than a hundred yards from the group when it broke suddenly, scattering across the creek bed to take cover behind boulders, pieces of driftwood, and clumps of brush. Some of the figures moved with the lithe, muscular athleticism of men, others with a woman's slower, wide-hipped gait. These appeared also to be dressed more warmly against the cold, the heads well covered with what looked to be dark woolen hats.

"They're A-rabs!" Jesús "Eddie" shouted. "Islamists! Terrorists! Not *Mexicanos* at all! Some of them have beards, and the women are wearing burgers over their faces, just like on TV! *Hombre*, it is a trap Abdul Kahn has set for us! Of course, they are heavily armed. Now is no time for foolish bravery, *compadre*! We must escape with our lives and warn the Border Patrol in Deming."

He gunned the engine, and the truck surged forward in the sandy track, fishtailing, its tires spinning. Héctor sat stunned, watching the canyon widen gradually ahead. He'd had no idea coming across the border was so simple, so easy a thing—for Mexicans, *claro*, but not for Islamists. Should he alert the White House, where he still had name recognition? By this time tomorrow, the gang he and Jesús "Eddie" had encountered in the wash could be in Albuquerque—or on their way cross-country to Washington, D.C. Fortunately, Jesús "Eddie" had recognized the terrorists at once for what they were. To Héctor, they'd appeared similar to the group he'd encountered near the ranch house not long before, except for these women wearing their hair tied up in dark kerchiefs.

"What can the Border Patrol do?" Héctor asked doubtfully. "Illegals come through here all the time. I saw a bunch myself when you were in Belen.

"Of course," he added quickly, "those ones were Mexicans, not Mohammedans."

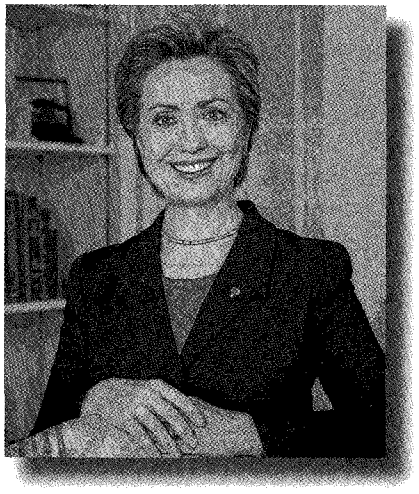
Jesús did not answer straightaway. At last, he said, in dramatic tones, "*Compadrito*—it is time for Jesús 'Eddie' and his friend Héctor Villa to take action! Together, we will defend our beloved country—the Rio Abajo!—against the foreign enemy."

But Héctor was not really listening. How, he wondered, had Pancho Villa managed to make it across the border to attack Columbus? There had been a Border Patrol in 1916, hadn't there? He couldn't recall having ever read anything about it. ◁▷



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

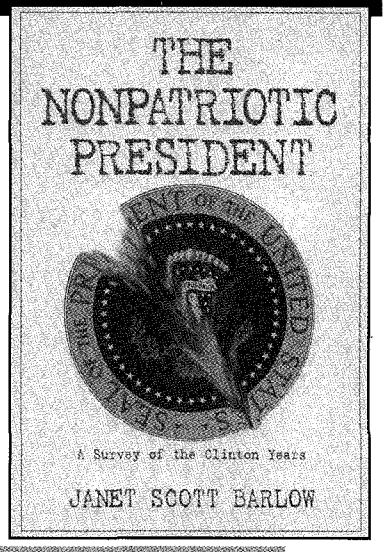
**What is the true cultural significance of the Clinton presidency?**
**What could we expect from a second President Clinton?**



# The Nonpatriotic President

## A Survey of the Clinton Years

by Janet Scott Barlow




*The Nonpatriotic President features 20 hard-hitting chapters, including "My Nixon," "Communication as Manipulation," "Hillaryland," "It's About Sex," "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," and "The Politics of Arrogance."*

Softcover Price: $15.95 ($12.95 plus $3.00 s/h each)
Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

- send check or money order to 928 N. Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103
- call (800) 383-0680 to order with MasterCard, Visa, Amex, Discover
- purchase online at the webstore on *ChroniclesMagazine.org*

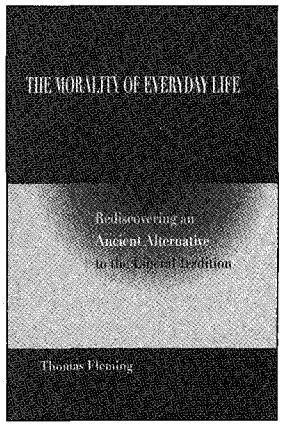
NONP

## *The Morality of Everyday Life: Rediscovering an Ancient Alternative to the Liberal Tradition*

**by Thomas Fleming**

What passes for conservatism today is really nothing more than the impossible moral and social theories of the Renaissance and Enlightenment, in which universal abstractions, such as democracy and equality, are presented as hard truths, when, in fact, they have never existed in any society in human history. Nonetheless, they are to be applied worldwide, at the tip of a spear (or cruise missile) if necessary.

Dr. Fleming's alternative is rooted in "everyday life," the local realities of blood and soil, custom and tradition, friendship and faith, and in the wisdom born of the experiences these realities beget. This wisdom finds expression in folktales and fables, in ancient Hebrew Scriptures and Greek philosophy, and in medieval casuistry. It is the method to solving ethical problems great and small, and it is the method that undergirds authentic conservatism.




"No more important book has been published in this new century."
—E. Christian Kopff
*The American Conservative*

"Crisp and spellbinding . . . [T]he antidote to the stifling, suffocating, corrosive banality of modern culture and politics."
—Paul Likoudis
*The Wanderer*

"Writing much more accessibly and knowledgeably than most modern professional philosophers, Fleming revivifies the body of thought with which civilization was created and without which it is disintegrating."
—Ray Olson
*Booklist*

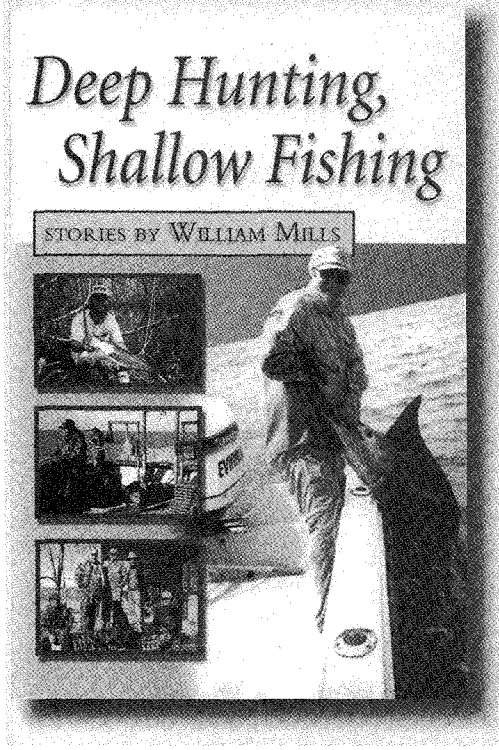
Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

- send check or money order to 928 N. Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103
- call (800) 383-0680 to order with MasterCard, Visa, Amex, Discover
- purchase online at the webstore on *ChroniclesMagazine.org*

Hardcover Price $49.95
($44.95 + $5.00 shipping and handling)


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## NEW FROM CHRONICLES PRESS




# Deep Hunting, Shallow Fishing

STORIES BY WILLIAM MILLS

"William Mills's stories draw the reader deeply into the hearts and minds of men and women to reveal the essential nature of Man in a world governed by forces so primal there is no resisting their call, no mitigating their judgement."

**— Gordon Weaver**

William Mills' latest collection introduces us to characters seeking solace from their misery and mistakes by taking refuge in the woods and the waters. They cannot escape life's griefs, but they do find a moment's peace or a touch of pagan glory in catching a strong fish or listening to the dogs sing.

In these well-moving stories, Mills displays his rare gift for portraying his characters' foibles without excuses, but with affection and forgiveness. Join Skipper McCauley as he leads a Boston-based plumbing executive named Cabot and his colleague, a fat German named Schroeder, on a duck hunt in the flooded rice fields of Arkansas, and follow Cory and his hounds at midnight running down a wildcat in the Louisiana boondocks. Crab in the waters off the South Florida Gulf Coast with the nameless Vietnam combat veteran looking for forgiveness for breaking a promise he could not keep.

Mills' characters are all very believable, whether they make us laugh or fill us with sadness. Their outdoor journeys stay with the reader long after he has set them down.

## *Deep Hunting, Shallow Fishing* Order Form (please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery)

Softcover Price $21.95
($18.95 + $3.00 shipping and handling each)

X Quantity _____

Total _____

Please mail form (with payment) to:
Chronicles/Products
P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054

or, to order toll-free,
call 1-800-397-8160

DEEP

DEEP

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed

☐ Please bill my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Amex ☐ Discover

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

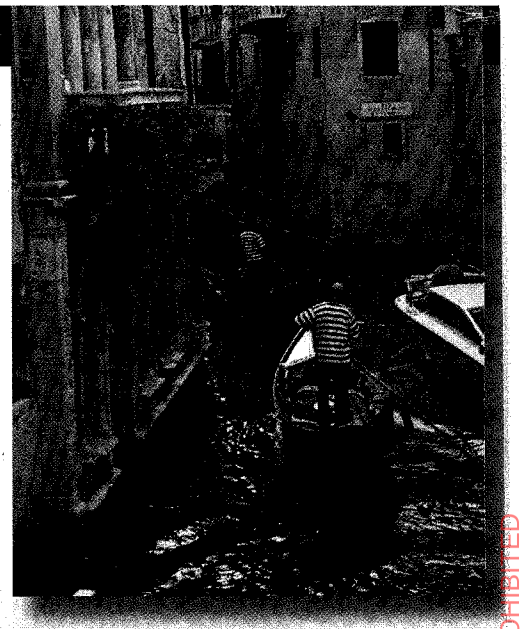
*Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?"*

*Join* Chronicles *editor* ***Thomas Fleming*** *and Rockford Institute executive vice president* ***Christopher Check*** *in*

# Venice, Ravenna, and Padua

## Gates to the East

*March 27-April 5, 2008*



*Robert Browning is only one of a long list of great writers—from Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Byron to Henry James, Thomas Mann, and Ernest Hemingway—who fell in love with Venice. Who wouldn't go to Venice, if he had a chance to go in the company of congenial souls and to learn something about the amazing republic that challenged kingdoms and empires (while making a profit) and stood in the path of the Ottoman Turk? William McNeill called Venice "the hinge of Europe" because it was Venice, and before Venice, Ravenna, that connected Europe with the vital culture of the Byzantine Empire, a culture manifested in the domes and spires of San Marco and Ravenna's exquisite mosaics (Italy's finest).*

N.B. Registration is limited. Previous events have sold out. Registration fees are based on current exchange rates; the Institute reserves the right to assess a fee, should rates change significantly at the dollar's expense.

For more information, or to register, contact Christopher Check at (815) 964-5811.

**The price for the Convivium includes:**

Four-star lodging
—Ravenna's Hotel Bisanzio (four nights)
—Padua's Hotel Plaza (five nights)

Six group dinners

Guided walks
to churches and historic archeological sites

All receptions and lectures

Deluxe motor-coach transfer
from Ravenna to Padua on March 31

Two guided day trips to Venice

Certain admission fees
to historic sites and museums

Singles: $2,995.00
Couples: $4,795.00

Ample free time for private exploration and shopping!

#BXBFHFJ **********AUTO**5-DIGIT 94301
#94301UZZ555BY003# OCT 08 TURE CH01
RON UNZ D5511
555 BRYANT ST # 371 P025
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

***www.rockfordinstitute.org/events***